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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Bill to Extend a Territorial Form of Government over Alaska

Strong Protest from the Chief Indian Ruler and an Agent Against the Bill to Open It to Settlement

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

WASHINGTON, May 14—Were it not for the [illegible] that citizens of the Pacific coast [illegible] section is so far advanced it is [illegible] the special efforts that are now [illegible] the laws of the Congress [illegible] ing the Territorial Courts to [illegible] Alaska, would prove successful. A bill [illegible] providing the necessary [illegible] is pending [illegible] but there is such an array of [illegible] that [illegible] a disinclination [illegible] representatives to deal with [illegible] new measures. In the [illegible] session [illegible] one that puts us down [illegible] and one that puts us up. [illegible] ing, the agent says, "no legislation [illegible] people are subject to the most [illegible] such men as are the prime movers of this plot you can get no man, white or [illegible] to do anything unless he pays [illegible] I have no hesitation in saying that there is [illegible] among natives [illegible] willing to [illegible] settlers here, as a overwhelming [illegible] friend to this people, can find [illegible] I recommend that the memorial of the Oregon legislature [illegible] Alaska [illegible] be granted. This project [illegible] to open said territory by appraising and selling the sunken [illegible] to the highest bidder, [illegible] present [illegible] My opinion is that the bill is to the interests of certain white men who desire the land for grazing purposes, without considering the interests of the Indians." Special Indian Agent Bonchet [illegible] recommended that a strip of land two miles in width on the southern line of the reservation, which is [illegible] contains valuable coal deposits, be segregated and said Agent Wilson with [illegible] Bannister made a mistake in making this recommendation, as the agent's house would be on the boundary line of the unmissed reserve, the board ing school not more than [illegible] yards east of the best grazing [illegible] Should this project be [illegible] have awakened into activity [illegible] residence would be thrown [illegible] the reservation, also a large [illegible] of well improved Indian farms—the best land in the reservation. Wadsworth states that a strip one mile and thirteen and one-half degrees in width will not include these buildings and [illegible] recommends that this tract be segregated and set [illegible]

Under Alaskan [illegible] his report gives it as his view that the agent may make a recommendation [illegible] willingly and almost under pressure in order to save the remainder of the [illegible] commissioner therefore reports against the leasing to settlement of any portion of the reservation.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL

An analysis of the river and harbor bill as to the amount appropriated for each state shows that as the bill passed the house of representatives, Oregon stands the eighth highest on the list. It is difficult to make an apportionment by states, and the rest is of necessity only approximate. For instance, in an appropriation of $2,50,000 is made for the Mississippi river from a point south to the mouth of the Ohio river. In making up the table given below this sum has been divided up six, the number of states bordering on the Mississippi five for this distance, and crediting each state with its pro rata amount. In expending this appropriation, however, it is possible that three or four states may receive the benefit of the larger portion of it, not locking at it another light as improvement of any portion of the Mississippi river will benefit every state above the point improved. The following is believed to be a fairly correct estimate. From the fact that Kentucky is bounded on two sides by large rivers, and is watered by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and possibly from the additional fact that one of the two speakers of the House of representatives hails from the locality of the Kentucky falls, the state is favored to a larger appropriation than any territory or any other state, the amount being $1,021,750; Texas receives $ 31 Michigan $[illegible],500, Missouri $[illegible],500, New York $[illegible],000 Illinois $[illegible],000, Alabama $[illegible],000, Oregon $[illegible],000 Wisconsin, Arkansas $[illegible] Mississippi $[illegible],000, Louisiana $[illegible],000 Tennessee $[illegible],000, West Virginia $[illegible],000, Florida $[illegible],000 West Virginia $[illegible],000, Georgia $[illegible],000 South Carolina $[illegible],000, Pennsylvania $[illegible],000 Minnesota $[illegible],000, Iowa $[illegible],000, California $[illegible],000, Connecticut $[illegible],000, New Jersey $[illegible],000, Massachusetts $[illegible],000, North Carolina $[illegible],000, Indiana $[illegible],000, Nebraska $[illegible],000, Maine $[illegible],000 Kansas $[illegible], Maryland $[illegible],000 Delaware $[illegible],000, Rhode Island $[illegible],000 Dakota $[illegible] Montana $[illegible], Vermont $[illegible],000 Washington territory $[illegible],000 Idaho territory $[illegible] New Hampshire $[illegible],000. Of course the appropriation for the Columbia river is to the credit of Washington territory as well as Oregon, but by using in possible a means to segregate the amounts, and as a matter of convenience, the figures are given as above. Mr Voorhees claims that the small amount allowable to western Washington territory is caused by the personal hostility of Mr Allen, chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors. Allen, however, I am told that Mr Voorhees was so dissatisfied with the allotment that he used what influence he has as a delegate to defeat the entire bill. Besides the amounts given in this estimate, there is an appropriation for surveys

FORTIFICATIONS AND WORKS OF DEFENSE.

Gen. N. Benet, chief of the ordnance department U. S. A. and Gen. John Newton, chief of the corps of engineers, have addressed a letter to Senator Hoar giving at length their views of an amendment intended to be proposed to the house bill making appropriations for fortifications and other works of defense for the present fiscal year, which a resident was last week submitted by Mr Dolph to the senate. The amendment proposes an appropriation of $10,000,000 for the construction of fortifications, etc. After stating the defenseless condition of the United States, the committee of other countries toward off sudden attacks, the needs of our country for armored turrets, armored casemates and earth batteries, these officers sum up their views as follows: "That land batteries, armed with modern heavy guns, in connection with lines of submarine mines across the practicable channels of entrance these lines being defended by the fire of the batteries against attempts to remove the mines—afford with few exceptions all cases the absolute protection against the passage of hostile fleets. The exceptional cases are the heads of the passes in the Mississippi river, at which place the foundations for heavy batteries do not exist, and at San Francisco where the distance between some of the batteries is too great to admit of a good cross fire from them. In both of these cases the defense may be supplemented with floating batteries of peculiar construction with extra heavy armor, thicker than a sea going vessel could carry. Torpedo boats, although not essential to security, would be useful at many points along the coast.

"The advantage of land batteries over armored ships consists in the greater thickness of armor and the ability to increase that thickness without reconstructing the works whenever the nation desires of possibilities may deepen and additional protection to the guns."

THE RECEPTIONS AND BALLS

That were thought would be given after Lent or soon somehow failed to "materialize," to use a colloquial expression. Official society complains of a dearth of attractions. The calico ball given at the Chinese minister's residence on the 27th ult. is the only large social gathering that Washington society has seen since Easter. And this ball was not what may be termed a success, although financially considered over $1000 was cleared, and said amount, turned over to the managers of the garfield hospital. Many of the most exclusive society people did not attend. There were two or three reasons for this. The field hospital is regarded as a sort of a white elephant, and the price charged for admission was considered by many persons here still carry the dislike to such an extent that they will not patronize any charity that bears the name of Garfield. The anonymous letter received by Mrs Senator Logan had its weight in the matter. The letter was to the effect that if the ball was given under the roof of a Chinese man, revenge would upon examination be taken by anti-Chinese outsiders on those who attended. Little credit was taken of the letter. Yet Gen Logan had a new cellar built for his friends though it would not comment if they absented themselves, and they did. Still again, the diplomats were displeased because the ball was to be given at the Chinese legation. They thought it did not look good for one of the members of the managers of the hospital to ask the Chinese minister almost for the use of the colleagues against the subjects of the Northwest, to grant the hospital the use of his residence. They looked and still look on the reception given to the new minister when landing at San Francisco, as an insult to China. "The managers should have asked for the residence of any other diplomat in preference to that of the Chinese minister," said the representatives of other foreign governments. But Stewart castle was asked for, granted and used and not one cent would Chin Yon Woon accept for its use.

Since this ball charity entertainments, opera parties and small social gatherings have taken the place of receptions and balls. Last week the American opera company, conducted by Theodore Thomas, was the attraction. This week Barnum's circus and the spring race drew largely on a certain class of society. But the great social event of this winter was given last night and is to be repeated tonight, and a matinee be given to-morrow, this being the Kirmes, or dance of the nations. The Kirmes has been in preparation for several months, the 200 young men and maidens who compose the dancers being chosen, as far as possible, from what is known as the fashionable society of Washington. The expense attending it has already reached over $1000, but the tickets, $2 each, are held at a good figure, it is thought a handsome sum of money will be realized for the benefit of the homeopathic hospital, for which the Kirmes is given. The eight boxes in the National theater, where the Kirmes is being held, sold for $250 each. Last night one of the boxes was occupied by Representative Scott, of Pennsylvania, who has for his guests President Cleveland and Col Lamont. Among the guests in Secretary Whitney's box were Mrs Senator Logan and Cockrel, and the Countess Esterhazy, Mrs Senator Fearss, of California, occupied another box, with Mrs Senator Sabin and Miss Calhoun among her guests. Senator Farwell's box were Mrs Senator Harrison, Miss Harrison and others the retired banker and distributor post. Mr Cameron, had seated beside him Mrs Senator Logan and two daughters. The other boxes were taken by Senator and Mrs Cameron of Pennsylvania, Mr and Mrs Fetter of Chicago, and Mrs. Townsend. The stage of the theater had been extended by building a temporary stage over the orchestra. When the curtain arose last night every desirable seat in the house was occupied. The scene presented on the stage was a brilliant one, and one could hardly fancy that in so many and motionless figures were soon to represent the characteristic grace and martial movement of many of the different nations of earth. The tableau composing it only all of the dances, but also the chaperones, who line assisted. This entertainment, was a most spectacle, it when a strain of music signaled the dancers to strike up a grand march, and the tri-colored fabrics began to dissolve only to become a curtain, swaying, fairy like array of pretty faces and radiant colors, the curtain appeared to have been reached and the first march once gave a loud after round of applause. Following this came the different dances, the first being the stately minuet. The propulsive dance of the Louis XIV period preceded that of the days of the Directory, which called forth the most applause. English dresses were seen. Many of the dresses were quite old, varying in age from fifty to 200 years. The ladies in charge of the minuet were in costume dresses, with powdered hair. This solemn, methodical dance presents a marked contrast to the dance of to-day. Next came the Tyrolean dance, the participants being ladies and dressed like mountain maidens, with their hair and arms hung on their shoulders. This was a difficult figure, but the dancers finished it in admirable style, and the coquetry was highly pleasing to the audience. The Swedish dance, composed of twenty-four young men and women, is said to have been designed for Adelaide Neilson, therefore intended to unite the Swedish and rhythmic movement. The Japanese dance was performed by the children of the Mikado, and the characteristic tottering, snuffing and flirting behind outspread fans was therefore executed in true oriental style. Some of the most prominent ladies in the dance had studied Japanese manners and Japanese soil and were clothed in dresses direct from the orient. In the Indian dance, which was introduced to represent the national dance of American Peace Jersey, intended for paying Washington a compliment by giving us his first reception at the nations capital Washington, however, did not appear to take kindly to it, if the applause be taken as an indication. The dancers were dressed in Indian costume and were led by a real Zuni maiden. The Hawaiian dance was an unusual one, the dancers representing the Hawaiian dance, the dress etc., and where the Hawaiians customs and churches, manners and picture galleries, racecourses and curses of lotteries, all changing from one to day, and not all present ing the essential Persian quality which has been modified but little since accentuated only the more sharply by the events of years. The pleasant masques of Paris can be seen in the navy yard month of what was half a century ago. There are more people in the city and more strangers in possession than ever before, being behind him his good deeds and his goods, the empire flourished like an all weather eighteen year, and the period of has been growing in strength and solidity for now sixteen years. But Paris is in the essential quality what Paris was on day one and then may go but Parisians will ever be the same. Paris is for what she did—fifty years ago.

IT WAS IN OLD PARIS

In my early youth I see the beginning of the reign of Napoleon III., the middle of it and its wisdom and sorry end. I was a very little boy when the exhibition of 1855 was opened it arose, but I can recall distinctly the evening when I was held up to the window of a hotel in the Rue Castiglione to see the cascade of fire works. There was a sudden clatter of hoofs, a flashing of lights, of wheels, and a regiment of cavalry swept by, escorting a state carriage wherein sat the queen of England. The throng in my diminutive arms was not precisely cheering, but it was silent and respectful. The empire was then at the height of its glory. Napoleon III. was the undisputed master of Europe. The queen of England's visit was the crowning glory of the reign. Napoleon I. had been buried in the Invalides, but his son had not yet brought home the great lawyer from Sainte Helene. The Tuileries was the home of power, where he held court in the midst of splendor, and from a window of which he made a fine and eloquent address to his fellow citizens. The Arc de Triomphe was also in the year of the Exposition, and when night fell the Champs Elysees were soon a blaze of light and color, leaping hastily applied with a stencil brush. The Bois de Boulogne was the favorite resort of the Imperial family, and the Allee de l'Imperatrice was filled with the equipages of the court and the nobility. The Opera, almost facing each other, of the saloons of two American houses for the sale of silverware—Tiffany's and Howard's. That one of them is also agent for the Waltham watches is perhaps even more significant.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

CHANGES IN PARIS.

Several Visits by Brander Matthews to the Great Capital of France

How It Looked Twenty Years Ago and at Various Times until the Present Day Interesting Observations.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

PARIS, May 10—Although I am not one of the Americans who seem to think that Paris is "shorn" for paradise, it is always with acute pleasure that I find myself again on the boulevards and that I focus my eyes to the rolling panorama of its vivacious boulevards. Paris is the most hospitable city in the world, and very cordially does it hold out its hands to the stranger within its gates. Nowhere else do I feel so much at home as in Paris, and nowhere else do I find so much to interest me. Just at present the political situation is more than usually exciting, and the Chamber of Deputies is engaged in the most important piece of legislation that it has undertaken since the days of the Second Empire, the bill for the expulsion of the princes. Whether this bill will be passed or not I cannot say, but the fact that it is under discussion is in itself significant. Ever since the days of the Commune the republic has been growing stronger and stronger, and I could keep it company now if I chose. The less said about the Commune the better, but I may remark in passing that I was not in Paris when it broke out. I was then a boy at school in the Rue de Vaugirard, and I was not allowed to go to the theater. I was in Paris when the Commune was suppressed, and I remember well the sharp report of the countless shots, and I recall the anecdote, immediately put in circulation, that the emperor of the commune had to be shot because he was too drunk to stand up straight. But that was for me, while the emperor of all the Russias, to be exact, was in positive, repelled "shot" at all. I was for me I am sure. When the Communists were finally routed the successful exhibitors in the Palais de l'Industrie, the big building in the Champs Elysees which had been erected for the exhibition of 1855, and which for many years after the close of the exposition was used for the annual exhibitions of the Société des Artistes Français, were the very flower of the republican party. The Salon of 1872 was the first which had been held since the fall of the empire, and it was a very brilliant one. The walls were covered with pictures of the first order of merit, and the sculpture was also of the highest excellence. The Salon of 1873 was even more brilliant than that of 1872, and the Salon of 1874 was more brilliant than that of 1873. Then the Salon was removed to the Champs Elysees, and the Palais de l'Industrie was torn down to make room for the Avenue Alexandre III. and the Grand Palais. The Salon of 1875 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1874. The Salon of 1876 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1875. The Salon of 1877 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1876. The Salon of 1878 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1877. The Salon of 1879 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1878. The Salon of 1880 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1879. The Salon of 1881 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1880. The Salon of 1882 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1881. The Salon of 1883 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1882. The Salon of 1884 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1883. The Salon of 1885 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1884. The Salon of 1886 was held in the Grand Palais, and it was even more brilliant than that of 1885.

JOE HOWARD, JR.

The Most Famous of all the New York Newspaper Bohemians

He Comes out as a Lecturer and Draws an Audience that Netted Over Thirty-five Hundred Dollars

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

One of the events of the week has been the appearance of Mr Joseph Howard, Jr., as a lecturer. He has entered Wallack theatre, and spoke in aid of the cemetery fund of the Press club. Tickets netted over $3,500. A high price was borrowed expressly for Mr Howard's appearance, and it was well worth it. As he appeared at the lecturer's table modest dress suit, with eyeglasses on his nose he was greeted with a wave of hearty applause. I have known Howard nearly thirty-five years. A more active and versatile reporter never breathed. His adventures, squarely recalled would make volumes of entertaining as either the memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff or the escapades of Laubias. No reporter or correspondent in America has coined as much money by persistent quill driving, and certainly none has squandered it more readily. On state occasions he kept a memorandum book, and the determination of his receipts, but only to fix his assessments. This book shows that for the past four years he has averaged over $5,000. When, one year the receipts ran up to $8,000. When editor and proprietor of the Mail in the balmy days of Sweetus he made more money than he was ever known to have since.

THE INCIDENT

Was a revelation in more senses than one. First in the audience—are indeed is the one who can attract such men as Roscoe Conkling, Barry Hill, Robert B. Roosevelt, Nick Langton, George Jones, Edward Payson Weston, the wicked Senator Hobbs, the poets, Brougham and McDermott, Bryan & Mesweys, Billy Edwards, Wm J. Florence, Charles H. Cummings, Lester Wallack, Billy Traer, Samson & Clifton and Fred May, Billy McGlory, and scores of the brightest reporters and editors from this and other cities, and when them assembled only to "Go out" Go on" after an hour's talk Howard talked for two hours, and at no time was he wearisome. With perfect aplomb, he rattled away like an intellectual locomotive, stopping occasionally to take water. A more rapid talker, and at the same time a more distinct enunciator, is rarely heard. It would have required a stenographer with marvelous skill to have followed him. At first an audience was on the qui vive for something witty. He saw this and chided it for laughing at what was not intended for wit. Gradually he won its interest and then it held it with a fund of historical reminiscences, reminders, deftly capturing by flashes of his imagination. To journalists his mere notes were especially delightful. He let out a long line of yarns, stories, but he told them better than he told of yarns.

For instance, he ob story about the telegraphing of the book of Genesis. Everybody has heard it, but nobody had heard it straight. He said that it occurred at a Niagara Falls while the Prince of Wales was making a tour of Canada. A *Herald* reporter and Howard, who was for *Leslie's* correspondent, had clubbed together and secured a wire. Howard and Knight Editor Bonner, of the *Ledger*, came with a long manuscript. It was evident that he had some thing exclusive. To fuse Howard's words. We could not send out what it was, but we could make it out enough to him until we could ascertain. So I began to telegraph on—not the book of Genesis, but the genealogy of our savior. Just fancy the astonishment of the night editors at the office and of the line when it found that Abraham begat Amminadab, and Jiro begat Asaph and so on."

LINCOLN'S HUMOR DISCUSSED.

The facts concerning another memorable historical event were almost made manifest. When Abraham Lincoln was on the way to Washington to be inaugurated president, it was reported on the at Harrisburg he left the special train, and went through Baltimore disguised in a Scotch cap and cloak. *Harper's Weekly* printed a caricature of Lincoln in this Gaelic attire, drawn by Thomas Nast. The story first appeared in the *Times*. Howard laughingly quashed. He had been detailed by Henry J. Raymond to accompany Lincoln. After leaving Harrisburg Detective Pinkerton locked the reporters in their car and told them that Lincoln was not to be trotted in the streets in Baltimore being known to Washington in disguise. This was enough for me. The president elect had worn a Scotch cap. After leaving Springfield and for a time Lincoln's head was transformed into a Scotch cap and cloak.

One story of Charles A. Dana is worth repeating. The intelligent occurred while Dana was managing editor of the *Sun*. Howard was then acting as war correspondent. A great battle had been fought, and he was telegraphing a description of it. Dana was with an old man, To read the all the glory. Mine eyes have seen the words of the Lord and the cause of the righteous has triumphed," with the rest of the same sort, followed by the words, "The enemy of the Potomac is triumphant. We have met a great victory. A day or two afterwards he received a letter something like the following:

Dear Sir: We have to report that we spoke to the driver of the hack which was loaning by the front seams if it were a good, but were caught a glimpse of his head and ornaments. She was the hack to roll at the back of which was pasted another diamond on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SHAKESPEARE.

The Supernatural Element in the Works of the Great Poet.

The Precious Cargo of his Thoughts Floated on the Sea of Public Favor by the Tide of Popular Superstition

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The apprehension of the supernatural is possible to man solely by virtue of his spiritual nature. The outlook of the animal is horizontal. It takes note neither of the hidden caverns of revelation beneath the surface of the earth, nor of the heavens above, with their unfolding vistas into eternity. It sees form only, not substance. But to the vision of the spirit there are shadowy hands underneath every physical phenomenon, spiritual auras surround every material form. To the spirit's heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

In this fact we find the unique place in the universe occupied by man. He is an inhabitant of two zones, one of the spirit, one of matter. In this fact, too, are found the roots of the mythologies and superstitions of men. Thence issue the ghosts, fairies, witches, hobgoblins, and all the rest of the midnight fraternity which "haunts the mouldered lodges of the past." In the duality of man is found the interpretation of the "fairy tongues that syllable men's names on streams and sands, and desert wildernesses."

To all popular superstitions we may well extend Hudson's remark that the old system of witchcraft is an effort of our moral being to breathe, a putting forth of breathing organs spontaneously as a tree puts forth leaves. These superstitions of the world, with their grotesqueness, their pathos, their poetry their fragments of shattered symbolisms, are the surf beat of the unseen and infinite against the edge of time. Now, the poet is, of all men the one especially adapted to reveal and interpret these superstitions. The *poet* of the Greeks, the *vates* of the Romans, the seer of the Saxon, the rune chanter of the Norsemen, the prophet of the Hebrews—he has been throughout history the human to interpret the handwritings on the walls of time.

Metaphysics, science, history, stand helpless looking into the chasms of the infinite which we cross to enter or to leave human life. The iron bridge which logic essays to fling across the gulf effects no lodgment on the farther edge and dies speechless into the unsounded void. But the "sheeny vans of song" bear her buoyant above it, and in the purer light to which she rises the unknown depth is turned upward to her steady view.

The poet sees the shadowy hand of creative power creep out from the unknown into the unknown. In the supernatural, the immortal and the unseen he breathes his native air. The figments of popular superstition he understands to be the rude symbols by which men try to describe their fleeting glimpses into their own souls and into the realm of spirits. Common men see each other in the spiritual world as trees walking. This is indeed no proof of their non existence. It proves merely the dimness of their sight. Now the poets, though they clearly discern the forms of spiritual things, indulgently accept this fact of the common dimness of vision, and under the forms of ghosts and fairies and witches they body forth elemental truths.

Such is the general attitude of the poets toward popular superstitions. We may justly expect to find in Shakspeare that attitude in its most significant form. In his ocean consciousness he recognizes all phases of the life of man. What things are dimly he clearly discerns. He is in turn the hero to cope their telescopic sweep, or the mental which when touched in their surface. Each touch by a passing thought strikes the electric shock of the completed chord.

Various critics, Emerson, Verplanck, Tuckerman, Brothingham have from time to time ventured to assert that Shakespeare lacks in the deepest spiritual discernment. As in truth nothing human should be weighed with indifference, we must consider what ground for such opinion exists.

Sometimes over the sweet swan of Avon descends not the muddy pools of surface over flow rather than the pellucid depths of the living fountain. Even his outstretched pinions sometimes fail to carry him above the clouds of the coast to the upper regions of perpetual sunlight. And yet we cannot doubt that in his migratory journeys from the frozen zone of stern hard fact there are the strong up warmth of the habitable zone of human sympathy and feeling, to the wanton luxuriance the bird-symphonies and the mixed pathways of the tropics of song he has looked down with clearer vision and broader view upon the continents and homes of men and and snowy mountains and silver streams and desert wastes than has any company upon this planet.

Though Shakespeare did not specifically teach moral law, he did what was better he made it govern in the destinies of his characters. Though he did not directly state spiritual influences, he did what was more artistic and more permanently effective he brought his creations under the unconscious power of those influences.

Uneven though Shakespeare often exaggerated, sometimes puerile, not seldom strained and far fetched, we can through all still discern the unwavering eye and steady hand of the master poet and philosopher in one. His management of spirits is in harmony with that of all the other multifarious elements of his plays.

At the same time we may grant that no author has had more unnatural spiritual symbolisms forced upon him than has Shakespeare. Could he return to earth and see the towering absurdities reared upon some of his passionate conceptions, we doubt not that he would withdraw in silence to the land of shades, fully resolved to never more visit a world capable of such improvements. With all his profound symbolisms Shakespeare is pre manly simple and natural and human. Furthermore the necessities of the case compelled him to those qualities. His plays were written for the stage. The listeners were with a few exceptions, unlearned and illiterate. The primary object was to place before them bold dramatic situations and gorgeous scenery, such as should make his theater popular and successful.

Thus the witches in Macbeth, who stand in the very front rank of supernatural beings in Shakespeare's plays, are not abstractions, but are clothed with the most concrete forms. They are "rough and wayward," "have beards," "chappy fingers," "skinny lips," "choppy fingers," "choppy fingers," "choppy fingers

rrvel to the ministry of commerce and
ay the plan of an immense tower, which
proposes to erect within the precincts of
universal exhibition which is to be held in
1889. His proposed monument would be
et of an iron framework 915 feet high, the
which the wind could curiously play.
e it would resemble a huge lighthouse, with
ver it would swing to and fro in the
ilations of about a yard
en to the summit in a lift, while a
feet in altitude they could ascend
a restaurant. The French
estimates that the structure would cost
of 8,000,000 francs. It is also suggested by
he scheme that scientific experiments
ld astronomical investigations might
e of interesting results. With visitors from
parts of the world, jabbering each in their own
engue as they ascended and descended, the
ower might be carried out, it is likely to bear a strik-
ing resemblance to that of Shem, Ham and
Japheth.

THE "UNIVERSAL" EXHIBITION

Is to commemorate the centenary of the
erm in France and a very much fairer time to
will stand sadly in the way of its success as a
be an international fair instituted for the
ersary of an event which is essentially politi-
r in other words, the significance of the
ican form of government. Under these
umstances, are not the French afraid
monarchial Europe will boycott the
tional exhibition as might also be great gainers
at which all nations and all parties should
nvited to meet on the neutral ground of
and commerce. They might not to suggest
the form of government is better than any
tions to compare the progress they have made
ighten the bonds of friendship between
hem. Now on the other hand, the exhi-
ions are becoming too frequent. What is
land alone four are going to be held in the
course of the present year. What is a
good thing, it is overdone. An international
exhibition should be held every twenty-
wenty-five years, so that each generation might witness
two or three of these competitive gatherings
which would then be a resume of the progress
made during a certain period

WHAT MISFORTUNES

Are in store for us this year to be sure. It
pounced out for the delectation of the
statistics will read Friday as a day of ill omen
that the present year is altogether a
ea it came in on a Friday, will go
n Friday and will have nine thir-
s. There are four months in this year
ne two Fridays each, changes of
ch count five times on a Friday, and
ruary and shortest days are Fridays. It
n have discovered all this in America.

MAX O'RELL

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

n a Head by and Vigorous Body rule Brain
the Temperance a Fresh and Ex-
terprising Mind

The fifth statement in the above decalogue
seems to me irrefutable as of universal
life. Exercise is death. As a flowing stream
remains fresh and pure, while a stagnant pool
becomes a receptacle for all kinds of impurities
and festers, so exercise produces sickness and
death.

Perhaps it will be thought by some that this
view of the development of corporeal strength
is rather a radical one—just as unwise in its
way as the mind-weary student's neglect of
physical exercise. But I am not aware that
any physicians would do a great deal
more than call attention to the benefits
that the next generation of
the attention to the benefits
by gymnastic exercises. A committee of
medical men and physicians of
the country, after investigating the
effects of the gymnastic exercises
in the public schools of Berlin, reported
that the children were
benefited by the exercises, which endeavor to
develop regularly all the muscles of the body, are based on
principles which are thoroughly recognized and
applied by the most prominent physicians,
and which enables us to develop perfect
in the most direct manner by systematic
well-tested methods of teaching. Formerly
objection that gymnastics were dangerous
that acrobats of the boys was perhaps
and foundation. But when the exercises
are taught by capable teachers, there can be no
ground for this particular branch of exercise
and who take age, sex and capability of the
pupils in consideration, as is the case in
fact, the idea that these gymnastic exercises
are dangerous appears perfectly absurd.

To gymnastics, as they are conducted now in
Berlin, the character of a recreation than of
exertion. They develop self-confidence, pres-
ence of mind, determination, courage, pa-
tience, energy and other qualifications, which
are of the utmost importance in the active
struggle of life.

An opinion which the Vienna College
Physicians published in regard to the advan-
tages of gymnastics appears to me so impor-
tant that I think an abstract of the same will be
of universal interest. It says: "As physicians
requested to give our opinion regarding gym-
nastic exercises, we deem it our duty to declare
that we consider them as conducive to good
health, if well regulated and conducted by
educated teacher. The muscles, stimulated by
these exercises are more fully developed and
become tougher and the joints more flexible.
These exercises stimulate the digestion and
circulation of the blood, have a most beneficial effect on the generation of
fat, and the elimination of morbid matter from
the system.

These opinions of prominent physicians
the speeches in the gymnastics strengthen
mind and body, and hardens it against the hardships
and various influences. We see that a
education brings nothing but advantages which are
and good, advantages which are not
of for the individual but for the state
who are a strength to it. The great
principle which are not less important
these those for boys, have to fight
and particularly here in Philadelphia
gainst consumptive prejudice. All kinds
exercises which only go to
the dark as far
as physicians would do a great deal
more than call attention to the benefits
that the next generation of
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and particularly here in Philadelphia
gainst consumptive prejudice. All kinds
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the dark as far

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Past Week.

Mr. Cotton's Old Fashioned Dancing Party—Mrs Holt Willard's High Tea—Four Excursions—Move ments of Well Known People

The past week has been socially quite lively. As the weather gets warmer numerous boating parties are sure to be given, for there are a number of beautiful spots along the river, and the use of boats is certainly extended enough to be capable of exiting any one. The first of such parties occurred on Monday night down to Vancouver, a merry party participating. The Sell corner, a merry party participating. The Sell corner, a merry party participating. The Sell corner

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1886

The Mormons interpret St Paul's declaration that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, as meaning that a bishop should be the husband of at least one wife and in paying that if it is well to have one it is still better to have two, on the plea that 'you cannot have too much of a good thing'

A few good names on both tickets are pleaded as a reason why men of both parties should follow their flag One Judas did not damn the apostles, but suppose there had been ten Judases one of the twelve, it would no have helped the matter much to dwell on the well tested virtue of Saint John, the revela or

According to Bradstreet's commercial agency, about 325,000 workmen have so far participated in the eight-hour movement. Of this number 148,000 have secured shorter hours within two weeks without striking About 175,000 have gone on a strike for the shorter day 75,000 of whom have secured their demands by striking leaving 140,000 who are still on a strike or have gone o work on the old terms Of the total number of strikers Chicago furnishes the largest contingent 50,000 New York 35 000, Cincinnati 32,000, Milwaukee 7000, Baltimore 6000, Boston 4700, Pittsburg 4500 and the additional thirty odd thousand is made by a dozen or more of smaller cities

Among the stories told by Grant in his memoirs is one of Lincoln When the Confederate peace commissioners came to Hampton Roads among them was Mr A H Stephens, of whom Grant has been "a particular admirer" He was phys cally a very puny man but wore on that occasion a surprisingly thick and long overcoat, which made him look of the average size. Shortly after Grant saw Lincoln.

"He asked me if I had seen that overcoat of Stephens's, I replied that I had. Well said he 'did you ever see him take it off I said yes 'Well,' said he, 'did you think it was the biggest shuck and the littlest ear that you ever did see

After the war Gen Gordon, to whom Grant told this story, repeated it to Stephens, who laughed immoderately over it.

Artemus Ward once told a story of a criminal who, when standing on the scaffold, was asked by the sheriff the customary question, whether he had anything to say before being swung off The man hesitated, to collect his thoughts, when a local orator said 'If our ill-starred fellow-citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech, and ain't in a hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity of a new tariff. If there was a hang ng "Lee" in Oregon to-day, we should expect hat Col Cornelius would force his way to the front and asked "the ill-starred fellow citizen" on the scaffold to give him his time and opportunity, as "I would like to inform the crowd that I never had a shirt washed by a Chinaman"

It is pleasant to learn from Gov Swineford, of Alaska, what a rich bonanza the United States is enabled into fall into recently when Mr Seward purchased Alaska twenty years ago He is in Washington telling the story when he of rivers where the salmon crowd so thickly that boats can hardly navigate and tells of mines that are so rich as to interest all the world's thirst for that It is quite charming but what is Gov Swineford to say when those treasures of Alaska, capital the weather is going very to real now that Alaska ought be put in requisition as the place of residence of Washington, and miss the Governor was so fond of describing with immense wealth of that territory by the time that it is difficult to understand why he was not at once sent to the Legislature as the representative of Saint John, the revela or

According to Bradstreet's commercial agency, about 325,000 workmen have so far participated in the eight-hour movement. Of this number 148,000 have secured shorter hours within two weeks without striking About 175,000 have gone on a strike for the shorter day 75,000 of whom have secured their demands by striking leaving 140,000 who are still on a strike or have gone o work on the old terms Of the total number of strikers Chicago furnishes the largest contingent 50,000 New York 35 000, Cincinnati 32,000, Milwaukee 7000, Baltimore 6000, Boston 4700, Pittsburg 4500 and the additional thirty odd thousand is made by a dozen or more of smaller cities

The U S senate last week rejected by an almost unanimous vote the nomination of Charles W But on to be postmaster at Lynchburg, Va There was no complaint concerning Mr. Button's management of the office, of which he has been in charge for nearly a year and there were no objections to his personal character or competency but, as the editor of the Lynchburg Virginian Mr Button prior to the 1 of December last had indulged in some very bitter attacks on nearly all the prominent senators upon the republican side of the chamber He alluded to Gen Logan as the 'foaming outang" of politics, pronounced Mr Longer the clown of the senate, spoke of Mr Sherman as a "perjured scoundrel,' and called the venerable Mr. Hoar a "white-livered, onion-chewing nasal-twanged old hypocrite A large scrapbook was submitted containing numerous extracts from the editorial columns of M Button's paper, in which he had attributed base motives to the republican rulers without exception Mr. Button was warned to discontinue his attacks, and about the 1st of December retired from the management of the paper of which he had been editor for over thirty years but the senators considered this he was guilty of disrespect of them body and they were therefore unwilling to advise and consent to his appointment, the vote to 4 to reject the nomination

BOARD OF TRADE.

Aldermen [illegible] ed of the ferry in front [illegible] railroad [illegible] people's dues [illegible] erator required [illegible] the appointment [illegible] board, in [illegible] announced [illegible] was [illegible] Mr Hoy [illegible] Wessel [illegible] Jacobs [illegible] tion [illegible] dude [illegible] had not [illegible] that they [illegible] careful [illegible] lonesy who was going to add two rooms talking about the way they had voted for their votes The defendant replied that Mr Hoy wasn't any worse than one of the members Wessel added, they hadn't enough to pay their election expenses, and at the end of the year they were buying real estate, and that everybody knew they couldn't buy real estate on their salary When asked if he had bought any real estate Jacobs replied that he hadn't been a fool and that they couldn't find out where his money was.

Jacobs further said that "he belonged to the original combination of thirteen aldermen formed in the early part of 188-, which met once at Pettygrove's office but afterwards at McLaughlin's house, when the railroad matters were talked over At one meeting there it was stated that each of the twenty-two aldermen who were to vote for the Broadway franchise would receive $20 000 each for their votes It was to be paid in cash. On the day it was finally passed he told Mahoney that he needed some money, and the latter answered that he would find it in his box. He did find there an envelope containing one $10,000 and ten $1000 bills. The alderman, he says, got their money in different ways some at the City hall, some in bar rooms, and all around."

Of the guilt of this scoundrel there was not the slightest doubt from the start the only fear was that the jury system might fail to endure the test of efficiency, or that the prosecuting attorney might prove professionally no match for the prisoner's able counsel. The conviction of Jacobs will probably be followed by that of some of his official associates in crime, and the old terror of the Tweed ring will get a new date to disabuse municipal robbers of the idea that they can sin at the city's expense and escape legal retribution.

GRANT AS A WARRIOR.

The public will rise from the reading of the second volume of Grant's "Personal Memoirs" with increased respect for the finest side of Grant's character his candor, courage magnanimity, and extraordinary military capacity. It is not easy yet to secure a candid hearing from men of all factions as to his civic capacity. Many able and honest men believe that Grant was a strong president, who without a particle of previous political experience or training; most manfully discharged with ability and fearlessness the duties incident to a period of unusual political difficulty and danger A man of equal candor and capacity concede that Grant was a man of unusual force of will, intellect and character, but claim that his intense individualism marred his fitness for political leadership It is time soon to reconcile these purely political antagonisms, but it is not too soon, it seems to us, to fix Grants rank as a great warrior, and the transparently truthful tone of his "Personal Memoirs" in which the criticises his own mistakes more mercilessly than he does the shortcomings of his captains, will go far toward gaining an overall by the high military fame of the hero of Vicksburg The second volume begins with the great victory of Chattanooga, won over Bragg the last week of November, 1863 While Grant was forging the hammer with which to strike Bragg between the eyes, Halleck was constantly harassing him with urgent dispatches 'to do something for Burnside," then cooped up in Knoxville but, knowing that the only way to help Burnside was to beat Bragg, he never sent Burnside a soldier Had Bragg been equally wise he might not have lost Chattanooga, as Grant attributed his great victory largely to the grave mistakes of the enemy the central one being Bragg's detachment of Longstreet, 'his ablest general,' with 20,000 men, to attempt to capture Burnside in Knoxville "Knoxville was of no earthly use to him, says Grant, "while Chattanooga was in our hands If he should capture Chattanooga Knoxville, with its garrison, would have fallen into his hands without a struggle I have never been able to see the wisdom of this move"

Grant describes Bragg as a remarkably intelligent and exceptionally upright man, but disputations to an extraordinary extent. Longstreet was "brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, just and kind to his subordinates'

Of his own captains in the campaign Grant describes Gordon Granger as worthless, and Joe Hooker as a brilliant soldier, but a dangerous man, because he was "insubordinate and ambitious to the extent of caring nothing for the rights of others His disposition was well engaged in battle to get detached from the main body of the army and exercise a separate command, gathering to his standard all he could of his superiors"

When Grant was appointed lieutenant-general, on March, 1864, he recommended Gen Buell, whose military abilities I highly esteemed, to assignment for duty Buell refused to serve under either Sherman or Thomas, because he asked them both Of this reason Grant says I do not believe him and mixed him in the Atlanta campaign Sherman put him as a brigadier and Thomas assigned him to the command of a division The [illegible] declined to serve under Thomas, for declining, assigned to the command of a division under [illegible] corps

Of the great campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg Grant says, "from all the reports I have seen of the battles whenever the enemy could [illegible] ourselves I do not remember fighting has ever been witnessed of this character Our victories [illegible] were sometimes hotly contested, but never, I think, [illegible] Hancock, Sheridan and Meade, striking [illegible] to look has punished him more severely and has more finally forced him to cover to the will and power to assail his throat from his fortifications Lee's army dropped to the ground [illegible] and [illegible] but was speedily reformed As soon as the close, the two armies were [illegible] the same condition to meet each other as when the troops first [illegible] the [illegible] of having safely crossed was a victory"

Of Hancock and Meade on to clear of the [illegible] that [illegible] could have been [illegible] and [illegible] been taken advantage of so [illegible] now and nothing [illegible] and [illegible] of this I need dilate on

One subsequent stage in the battle he says [illegible] was now in direct stress [illegible] personal efforts failed [illegible] order These failures were learned shortly after and [illegible] of his confidence and no doubt caused a doubt as to success

Lee beat him in the march to Spottsylvania only by an accident Lee supposed Grant was falling back to Fredericksburg, and accordingly moved along Brock road, Grant commanded by Anderson, to move next morning at Spottsylvania. In the woods being still on fire Anderson could not go into battle until late in the day, and in the meantime Grant had thrown the whole army between Lee and Richmond

Grant therefore insists that if Lee's orders had been observed as given, we would have been in Spottsylvania, and he would have had the first position and we would have had the shortest line in the race for Richmond, but the woods being on fire Anderson could not move, and consequently he marched to Spottsylvania a day before his orders specified through the woods that the fire destroyed not the point first

Grant was at Spottsylvania Meade unfortunately [illegible] and Sheridan [illegible] down to March, when [illegible] Anderson [illegible] Meade [illegible] Lee [illegible] Sheridan [illegible] Hancock [illegible] Warren [illegible] Wilson [illegible] Sheridan [illegible] Meade

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ummer

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Ladies

—AND—

Gentlemen

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AND—

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SYNOPTICAL REPORT

PORTLAND May 22—6 49 P M

Bar.	Ther.	Wind Dir.	Vel. hours	Prec. fall inch	Weather
30.04	60	S	03	0	Fair
30.04	61	S W	09	0	Fair
30.02	64	Calm	00	0	Clear
30.00	64	S W	00	0	Cloudy
29.96	64	S W	00	0	Fair
29.96	67	S	00	0	Cloudy
29.96	70	S	00	0	Clear
29.96	70	W	00	0	Fair
29.96	71	S W	00	0	Clear

Barometer reduced to sea level. Thermometer 61 maximum 8 minimum 54. Rainfall 0.00 inches. Height of barometer above mean sea level 93.8 feet.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Forecast from 5 P M Sunday to 5 P M Monday: Occasional showers for Oregon and Washington Territory; warmer in eastern portion; fair weather for Oregon and Washington Territory on the coast; southerly winds, becoming variable; occasional showers.

PORTLAND PASSENGERS.

Passengers to arrive over the Northern Pacific—Mrs Bischoff, J M Drake, J Bowen, P T Stewart, and sixty in all.

Passengers to arrive over the Short Line—Thomas Thomas, Thomas Carven, Mrs [illegible] Stevenson, Jacob Webber and wife, Mrs. Graham, D L. Graham, Mrs. W H Parker, D L. Graham, Mrs. W H Wilson, and forty three immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A M and 7 45 P M Sunday school at 9 30 A M.

Taylor's Chapel, Episcopal Mission, corner of Caruthers street—Regular Sunday services at 11 A M and 7 45 P M.

The society of Spiritualists will hold meetings at Good Templars' hall, southeast corner of Alder streets. Public invited to attend.

First Methodist Episcopal church—Rev. Dr. Hill will preach morning and evening services at 10 30 and 7 45 P M. Young people's praise meeting at 6 30 P M.

The society of Spiritualists will hold meetings at Good Templars' hall, southeast corner of Alder streets. Public invited to attend.

First Baptist church, corner of Third and Taylor streets—Rev T L Eaton will preach at 11 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday school at 9 30 A M. Young people's meeting at 6 30 P M.

Ivy Street Christian Association corner of Salmon—Young men's Bible study at 9 30 A M. Gospel service at 3 15, and all are invited.

Grace Episcopal chapel, corner of Jefferson streets. Divine service will be held in the chapel at 11 A. M. and at 4 P M Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

First Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Third and Taylor streets—Rev. D. H. Leslie, D. D. pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Rev. J. W. Ward will preach in the evening. 7 30 P. M. All are welcome. Seats free. Strangers especially invited.

First Swedish Lutheran church, 12 corner between Sixth and Seventh, Jefferson and Clay streets—Divine services at 10 30 A. M and 7 45 P M. Sunday school at 12 M.

Young Men's Christian Association meeting—10th Annual street meeting at Pfeffer's music store, at 11 A M. Rev. Dr. Hill will deliver a lecture via Cincinnati and Chicago." Seats free.

Methodist Episcopal church—Columbia and First streets—Rev Abel Johnson will preach at 11 A M and 7 45 P M Sunday school at 9 30 A M. Friends and strangers cordially invited.

The Presbyterian church, corner of Main and Yamhill streets—Preaching at 11 A M by Prof. Wilson, and at 7 45 by Rev. Thomas Boyd. Sunday school at 2 30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Prayer meeting will be held at the South Portland Methodist Episcopal church, near the second bridge, on Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock. Preaching at 11 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday school at 2 30 P M. Rev. J. H. Wilbur officiating. Sabbath school at 2 P M.

Divine services will be held in the new church on Sabbath morning and evening by Rev. Gardner, of Portland, at 11 o'clock in the morning. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

First Presbyterian church, corner Yamhill and Seventh streets—Rev. J. L. Elliot, minister. Services at 11 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday school at 12 30 o'clock. Young people's meeting Sunday evening at 6 30 o'clock.

First Congregational Church—Rev T L Eaton, pastor. Morning service at 11 A M and 7 45 P M. Young people's meeting at 6 30. Preaching at 7 45 P M. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Seventh Day Adventist church, corner of D and Seventh streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Saxton, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. Sunday school at 2 30 P M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock. All are invited.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Seventh and Taylor streets—Rev E. W. Gass, pastor. Preaching at 11 A M and 7 30 P M. Sunday school at 12 30 P M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 30 o'clock. Seats free to all. Strangers welcome.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner of G and Seventh streets—Rev. J. H. Hobart, pastor—Regular services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P M. Sabbath school at 12 30 o'clock. Regular prayer meeting at 7 30 P M. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Methodist Episcopal church, corner of D and Seventh streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. H. A. Stevenson, at 11 A. M and 7 30 P M. Sunday school at 2 30 P M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock. All are invited.

Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Oak streets. Wm. R. Stevenson, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 12 30 P. M. Young people's praise service at 6 30 P. M. Donald Ross will preach in the evening. Seats free. Strangers welcome.

Episcopal church, corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets. Rev. F. Q. A. Henry, pastor—Morning prayer, Litany and sermon at 11 A. M. Evening prayer at 7 30 P. M. Sunday school at 2 30 P. M. All are welcome.

Congregational church, corner of Fourth and Clay streets—Rev. Dr. Atkinson will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Sunday school at 12 30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6 30 P. M. Strangers welcome.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor—Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Class meeting at 12 30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6 30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 30 o'clock. All are welcome.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Rev. T. H. Lindsey, D. D. pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Rev. W. Ward, D. D. of the International commission will preach in the morning. Christian associations will deliver addresses in the evening. Evening services at the usual hours. Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. and especially young men are invited.

Congregational church, corner of Fourth and Salmon streets—Rev. G. H. Atkinson, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Sunday school at 12 30 P. M. Young people's prayer meeting at 6 30 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

EAST SIDE PLANT.

Taylor Street Chapel, Tibbs is Addison—Rev. Mr. Lindsey will preach at 3 P. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M. in same place. All are invited.

First Presbyterian church Rev S P Wilson—Services at 11 A. M and 7 45 P M. Rev. Mr. Hill will preach in both services. Sabbath school at 1 30 o'clock.

St. Paul's Episcopal church Rev John W Sayres—Services in the morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 30. Sunday school at 2 30 P. M. Regular services Friday evening at 7 30.

Taylor street church, corner of Sixth and Taylor streets—Sabbath school at 9 30 A. M. and 2 30 P. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sabbath evening at 12 30 o'clock. Regular prayer meeting Thursday evening at the usual hour.

Methodist Episcopal church, Stephens' addition, corner of G and Seventh streets. Rev. J. H. Hobart, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday Subjects—Morning, "Social Purity." Evening, "The First Judgment Scene." Sabbath school at 10 A. M. All are welcome.

Congregational church, Holladay's addition—Daniel Harper, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. as usual. Subject for morning, "The Sabbath, and how it was kept." Subject in the evening "Intemperance." Sabbath school at 12 30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 30 o'clock.

New Patents.

Ralph Parker, agency U S P office, reports the following patents issued to Pacific coast residents during the week ending May 11:

Frederick G Bolard, S F, cash register; Simon Meyberg, Cal, paper stock; Thomas Stock, S F, electric gas lighting; Charles Wilson, Cal, electric gas lighting; Charles Wilson, Cal, electric gas lighting; Charles Wilson, Cal

FOREVER YOUNG.

The world may rid lastens away
The many hoped comforts years lose
If sorrow dreams day by day
The summer hush forsakes the rose
But darling while you remain I hear
And while your dark brown eyes I see
And months and sunless, seasons drear,
Are all the same all glad to me.
Despair can never reach me
While your soft hand I hold
While your eyes love and teach me
I never shall grow old.

They say that love forsakes the old
That passion pales and fades away
That even love's bright locks of gold
Must lose their charms and change to gray
But darling while your heart is mine
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With summer light and tenderest blue
Yes, let old age deride me
I scorn his mocking tongue
Dear love while you beside me,
I am forever young. —*Belgravia*

JEAN McCLURE.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON, AUTHOR OF "THE MAJOR'S CHRISTMAS, AND OTHER STORIES."

(Copyrighted 1886, by the author. All rights reserved.)

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

Still there was no sound in the room. They were all silent, devouring every word that came from the lips of that strangely calm woman.

"I tried to hate Jean McClure," Rose went on. "She was beautiful and happy. I found out who she was, because Senator Brooks—the Tom Brooks who deceived and fooled me for years, and when he got rich fled from me—this Brooks loved Jean. I knew he and Curtis were foremost in the lynching of the Johnsons, and I knew Curtis would rather his son should die than marry their child. I thought, too, that Brooks would turn from her if he knew. He promised to marry me if I would break off her marriage with Will. I did so. Brooks deceived me, he never meant to keep his promise. He loved her more than ever, and would have married her in spite of all. No matter how hard I tried, I could not hate the girl, low as I brought her—yet she seemed as pure and sweet as if it never could have been. At last I made up my mind that you should know all. Have you written all that she added, turning to Miss Franklin.

"Yes," said that lady coldly, but with quivering lips and tear-wet eyes, "all that is necessary. Mrs Clark has signed here what she knows, the doctor what he knows, and here is a place for your name."

Rose wrote her name with steady hand then she turned to Miss Wallace.

"Mrs. MacDonald," she said quietly, using the new name readily, "here is your marriage certificate. I have hidden it all these years. Here is a bank book, all the money you have given me since I have been a traitor to you is here, save that expended on your child. If you will understand how much I loved Brooks, you will remember that I was the owner of his millions, and I kept silent. If you will remember how bitterly I hated you and your station, so far above me, your haughty pride, your ladylike softness and beauty, you will look back on the misery of your child and your own broken life, sunless and miserable. You will live again the long years of sorrow when your father hated you, and when he died not forgiving you. I feel no regret, I say none. The work is all done the tower I built by long years of secret power and evil design is fallen by my own hand. I have redeemed a promise to Jean that I would help her, and I have kept it."

The others would have spoken, but Miss Wallace stopped them. Rose was pinning on her shawl with steady hands her face was coldly calm.

"Will you take some money for your journey, Rose?" said Miss Wallace gently. She held the old, yellow paper in her hand, her marriage certificate, that would have appeased her father and righted her in the eyes of everybody who had believed the stories against her, the paper this woman had hidden, and with fiendish cruelty allowed her to bear disgrace and heart-break for so many years.

"Can you with that paper in your hand say this to me?" said Rose.

"Words could not express the bitterness of my sorrow," said Miss Wallace. "Your own heart shall be your accuser. There is too much misery at your door—too many deaths—too terrible an account—for me to add to it with vain reproaches."

"I have no heart, no conscience. I never had, said Rose. "I had hate revenge and love but for one man. All these passions were for him, for his interests. For him I would and should have suffered and sinned. You will find, Mr McClure, that your Jean is Mrs Ma Donald's child. You could have married her. I beg you will not speak. It can not affect me, nor Mrs McClure either. The doctor will help you to prove my words. My sister, Mrs John son, had children, but all died at their birth. She was insane at times, and it was better they did. My mother is in a madhouse now and two of my brothers committed suicide in fits of insanity. We are a mad race. I lay my crimes to that, if you have pity if you never have that feeling for me, let me be as evil to you as I am—as I have been."

Where is Mac Donald now said Miss Wallace hastily. Rose had picked up her veil, and was moving toward the door.

"I do not know," said Rose. "He reformed years ago, a broken-down old man, hating himself, hating everybody and despised by all. He disappeared so says Mrs Julia Mullen, who used to keep house for him, and I was then a woman of bad reputation now she has married a rich man—a lucky miner. You know of her—Mrs Blinn—though I fancy if you asked her of her little companion you would meet with a chilly answer. Nor do I know where Jean is, Mr McClure though you are whispering to the doctor that I may have made away with her. I know that Senator Brooks threatened in his interview with her that he would tell her story, and that people would avoid and hate her, and her disgrace would reach you who had sheltered her. If I took she ran away and the dog must have followed her for I saw her shut him in the shed that night to prevent his making a noise, no one when she crept out of the house and he must have broken loose and followed her."

"I think, Mrs MacDonald, we should keep this woman here. Her crimes should be punished. There must be a redress for you for all the trouble she has caused, said the doctor, sternly.

"No, I have caused misery enough," said Miss Wallace firmly. "My sad story shall not be known in courts of justice revenge can not bring the dead to life. Rose carries within her something worse than the law's punishment can give her. I tell her to go in peace. I believe you, Rose, my heart tells me Jean is my child. When we find her and I can kiss her sweet face I shall shelter her in my arms. All my bitterness to you will be gone. I know we will find it. This new happiness can not have come to me only to be taken away."

"I trust to your word, Mrs MacDonald," said Rose, stopping at the door. "Do not blame Mrs Clark she did not know. The poor little woman in the stubby shoes was sobbing bitterly.

"I had no such idea," said Miss Wallace kindly, laying a gentle, protecting hand on the little woman's shoulder. "I will pay Mrs Clark for her care and love for my child. She shall never want, for I know she was kind to the helpless baby."

"Indeed I were," sobbed Mrs Clark. "It ever most killed me ter give the pretty dear up."

"That is all, said Rose, "you will never see me again." "But, Miss Virginia," she went on wistfully, a look of passionate yearning in her face, that had suddenly grown haggard and pinched—"when you would loathe me, when you could almost curse, try to remember my torture and heart. If I was the instrument of murder, why was I made so? Why was the curse of life, and the power to be evil given me? Life is like a forest some must die to make room for the vigorous growth of the rest. If all trees lived the oaks would be stunted, the pines warped and twisted to catch the sun, the maples and birch would wither and die. I have seen forests that were blasted by a growth that was disease. Are not the dead stepping stones? There are places to be filled, and they are filled. If all the good lived this would not be the world, but heaven. Life is a thorny path, those who die at the beginning are not the sufferers. But it will be sunny for some amid all the thorns there are good as well as evil travelers. It is old, though, as the hills, that both must go their way yet the bad are bad if the good are good. The sun breaks through your dark clouds—you that are good—while I that am bad go out into the thicket of thorns where the end is death and endless misery of regret."

They heard her go down stairs and call a carriage that had been waiting for her, and they heard the rattle of wheels die away. While she went they knew not nor cared, there was left to them to gather up the tangled threads of life, free from a grievous guard, and to weave them in a strong, true cord, to bind them fast to each other with strength of love and purpose, to find that blue-eyed little child somewhere adrift in the world.

CHAPTER XX.

ROSE MCCORD'S REVENGE.

The senator had dined. The menu was excellent, the wine delightful. He felt in an easy, meditative mood, disposed to think the world not so bad after all, and to rebuke himself gently for being a trifle foolish in compromising his dignity by getting mixed up in the McClure affair. It was a foolish act, and he was too old for foolish acts.

"Beside," said he senator complacently, "I have neglected my business, and the affairs of my constituents who elected me to the United States senate." Here the senator's voice had just a tinge of laudable pride. "The United States senate!" he repeated again. It had a rich, melodious sound in his deep voice. "Jigo back to-night."

The senator stretched his legs out before the grate in his handsomely furnished private parlor, and leaned back in his easy chair. "Back to-night to Washington at 9 30—and he Widow Veasey is undeniably attractive. Though dark women—well, I don't fancy them."

The senator ceased to speak his thoughts aloud, for the remembrance of one dark woman was unpleasant. His eye fell carelessly on the heavy curtains he had drawn aside the blinds, certainly one moved. He started in his chair and looked again. This time the curtain did move.

"It is probably Rose," he thought. "She was hidden there, I was a fool not to have thought of it—a great fool, I wonder if she can shoot. She would hit me before I could reach the bell rope. I'll remain cool and use strategy." He looked pensively in the fire, and a moment later the curtain was thrown aside and Rose stepped into the room.

"I have waited for you," she said calmly, her face composed, her eyes patient and quiet. "I knew you had ordered me to be arrested if I came. You did not know one of the chamber maids here was Mrs Green, your witness in the row at McClure's. She let me in here with a skeleton key."

"Mrs Green must be looked after, she is a dangerous servant, said the senator, trying a gentle stress on the last word. "I'll speak of this at the office."

He looked to see if his words had affected her, but she coolly sat down in a chair on the other side of the hearth, and began removing her gloves.

"You seem preparing to make a long call, Rose. I regret it, but in an hour or so I take my leave of Denver forever. I can entertain you a few minutes, however, for the sake of 'Auld lang syne.'"

"You are very kind," said Rose, equally agreeable. "But I also leave this evening for the East, for Washington, and with you. What was that Ruth said? 'Whither thou goes, I will go.'"

"Don't you think, Rose, that you are making yourself an annoyance?" said the senator, contemptuously, "I might say nuisance?"

"You forget your promises to me the night I told you who Jean McClure was."

"My dear Rose," said the senator, mildly "I really must beg your pardon, I had forgotten the whole matter. Now of course, in the retired station in which your life has been spent you know little of the great world, and I am forced to tell you what otherwise you might see for yourself, that a public man makes promises by the score without the intention of keeping one. Why, really, in my campaign before my election to the senate, I was rich in promises—I was lavish, prodigal with them. I had multitudes of faithful henchmen bound to me by expectations. I won my election—did I remember the promises? Faugh! I did not remember even the names of the faithful. I knew they were no longer necessary, and their expectations were a matter of no moment to me. I treated you, Rose, as one of my constituents before election, in the McClure matter, I regarded you as a ward worker after election."

"I understand you," said Rose calmly. "I was mad that night, or I would not have believed you. My only excuse was—" Here Rose went up to the fire and held her thin, powerful hands to the blaze—they were cold and trembled slightly—"I love you. I could have died for love of you."

"I really pity you, Rose," he said coldly. "I do indeed."

He watched her standing there, a tall, well shaped woman in black, strong and hardy, with almost masculine breadth of shoulders. He noted that her black hair in its tiny knot was thickly streaked with gray—that her once brilliant color was gone, that she was pale and haggard, and that her beautiful dark eyes were sunken. He did feel pity for her, and unwillingness. He would defend life would have been happier for both of them if he had been true to her, and married her in the old days.

"I came to you to-night," said Rose, looking into the fire with steadfast gaze, "knowing that all was over—all my hopes were senseless and useless. I knew if you need not all me. I came to look at you for the last time, for me as one goes to the bedside of a dying friend. I am done with you, Tom Brooks. I have only one duty to perform. Shall I tell you who can McClure really is."

"We have had enough on that subject," said the senator coldly. "It has no further interest for me."

"But you shall know," I will tell you, for it will be all known to-morrow," said Rose.

She told him the same sad story she had repeated to Virginia Wallace.

"Will can marry her, then said the senator gloomily. "Doubtless she is with him."

"No he is gone, the McClures know not where and Jean is gone, but I know where she is," said Rose, with an air of triumph. "I will restore her to her friends and tell her all I know the story."

"She will be an heiress now of great wealth, said the senator, eagerly. "and she beautiful, and her mother such a lady—and you know where she is, Rose? Ah, I do remember—she is the Virginia Wallace fool that I never thought of, and outwitted you. To think at this time of my life I should dispute a child, and suffering for years lest she should dispute my fortune. You made a fool of me when you told me Jean McClure's name was Johnson. That revenge should have satisfied you."

"I could have made out to the end she was the Johnson child," said Rose, coolly. "What was to prevent her and me from having that name. I could have proved I was Mrs Johnson's sister, and Jean her child. The people of Denver would have righted us—even in a lawless border town there is a love of justice in every heart. You and Curtis stole the claim, but you were led to do it because no one came forward who owned it. Put the feeling would have crushed you two men, if I had brought the child from the home, and told how she was treated there, and showed the scar on her forehead from Curtis's blow. There is a way in a revulsion of public sentiment after an act of summary justice or injustice. We could have profited by it."

"You're a strange woman," said the senator, uneasily.

"I loved you—even now when I and I only, know where Jean McClure is, I would tell you that you might take her home in triumph, and tell her story, and prove it by the pope if I have deposited in a bank here and you would risen on my downfall. She might then like you in time for the great good you had brought her."

"Why not have done his yourself?" said the senator suspiciously.

"Because I could not bear Miss Wallace's grief and bitter reproach. I thought to tell Jean Gray, but he is old and I thought to me. He always suspected I was not true. Miss Wallace I have given you the facts. Tell them now if you will but without my name. You find the girl, for McClure and a host of detectives have searched in vain."

"How do I know but that it is a trap" said the senator.

"By this," said Rose quickly. She pulled the curtain aside and threw open the blinds. Down in the street below was a carriage. The driver was sitting holding his horses in readiness to start on the box with him was a policeman, whose bright buttons and star of authority shone in the gaslight from the big lamp on the corner.

One in that carriage with me is a house three miles from the city. We will find her there. You certainly do not fear me with those two men to guard you," said Rose contemptuously.

"I but that may be your confederates."

"Get your own policemen then whatever you will. I will not tell you where the girl is. You would not find her then. She knows my signals she trusts me, blinking me her hand. See, here are our tickets to California we were going to leave to-morrow."

Rose showed two gen ine tickets for the next day.

"Do you not know, or do you know, how easily I can influence people," Rose said with a sneer. "See, I burn these tickets up. I trust you. Give me your ticket first, I will leave tonight on the half-past 8 train. You will stay and take Jean to McClure's."

The senator hesitated, but a warm glow of hope thrilled his being. If this were true he might win Jean yet. He handed Rose his ticket and looked at his watch. "We must be there and get back in an hour and twenty minutes, or you will be too late," he said.

"It will not take a half hour to go there if the horses are swift," said Rose quickly. "Are you armed?"

"Yes," said the senator coloring.

"I have carried a pistol for years," said Rose "I suppose to shoot you. See, I lay it on the table. I have no knife concealed about me. Are you satisfied?"

"I still distrust you," said the senator, "for I don't understand you. I will hire another carriage, send for another policeman, and then we will go."

"As you please," said Rose disdainfully. "Two policemen if you would feel safer."

They passed down the marble stairs to the vestibule, and Rose went ahead. Brooks had become cautious, but all his mad love for Jean had come back. He would find her and win her this time, before the news should reach Will Curtis. The odds were against the senator, and he knew it, but there was the more keen excitement in the pursuit. He sent a bell boy, and the very same freckled one, for a carriage and a policeman and this same bell boy went out and engaged the very policeman who had been waiting all the time, but another carriage, giving the waiting man his pay, which the lady had sent.

"They ran queer lot them two," said the small boy to the barkman who was called but not chosen. "I've seen the gal up here afore arter him, 'n my eye but they're goin' off in a hack now! These 'ere big-bug senators is hard 'uns when they're out West, like the rest of 'em. It's the light air," finished the small boy with a hideous chuckle. "I'm onto 'em."

The senator drank a glass of brandy, and chatted a few moments with a number of his friends in the rotunda. He told them he had concluded to remain some days longer, and mention d to the clerk that he would stay until the next night, and perhaps later. Then he went on to the carriage. He helped Rose in, and invited the policeman in also.

"We are going to find a young lady and restore her to her parents," said the senator pompously. "Miss McClure, tell the driver where to go."

"Capitol hill, old house near the cemetery," said Rose, "drive there. Stop in the road, the house is out on the plains a little way. A colonel was in on you are near it we don't want to be discovered."

"All right, mum" said the driver, whipping up his horses.

"I suspect the young woman is Miss McClure, she's an old sin," said the policeman.

"You are right, said the senator, stiffly, and sat back in gloomy silence.

They drove through the lighted street, where the tide of human life was ebbing and flowing. They passed the gay shops and noisy saloons then turning into a quieter street, went on through the residence portion of the city ascending all the time, and now passing the handsome mansions of the quarter, the beautiful homes of cattle kings, and miners who had struck it rich, and real estate brokers who went up with Denver's rise, and the palatial homes of pioneers who had crossed the plains without a collar in their pockets, or a second shirt to their backs. Past these, still higher, was here and there a house, but mostly wide stretches of barren land. They saw far ahead in the starlight, gleaming white and ghastly, the grave-stones of the old burying-ground. This was now used for paupers and suicides and friendless, unknown dead, though a few old families had handsome lots here in this motley collection of husks of humanity. A small dark object stood out in the prairie some distance from the graveyard, half a mile, perhaps, while it was three miles from town. The senator, Rose and the policeman left the carriage and walked over the plains. The night was soft, the stars bright, and far off the lights of the city down the hill seemed like a star-lit world below. Where was the senator's guardian angel now?

"I think," the policeman, in a melancholy tone, "that I'd kinder steer the young lady. Folks has a prejudice against the police, and these butters kinder acts aggravatin' on them when the innercent oughter not make no difference."

"He is right," said Rose, coldly, "you will only frighten Jean, and what possible excuse is there for you to introduce a policeman before her?"

"None" said the senator anxiously. "Wait near the door," he said in a whisper to the policeman.

They were at the house now, a little dark place built of mud and fast falling into decay. Rose listened at the door. There was no sound and no light.

"She can't have gone out," she said in a whisper. "Will, I'll try the door." It was unlocked. Rose went in. A faint glimmer of light shone through the chinks of a further door. The senator went into the house, but he stepped back a moment. He seemed strangely fascinated by the bright starlit sky he looked up, and all around the plains, and then at the dark outline of the carriage and horses, then at policeman near the door. "Guard this well," he said, in a low tone "at the least sound rush in."

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No sound no idea what it was. He did not know he could fall, but he recollected when the crowd brought him to consciousness, that the had been near the violet house, and now, certainly he was an eighth of a mile nearer town, and all bruised and cut.

The hackman knew more of it. He remembered that he was sitting holding his horses and looking over the plains. The gentleman and lady had just gone. He saw a flash of light come from one room, like a lamp pulled down from the bracket. He could not tell just how, for there was a flimsy curtain over the window, a half second after that there was a terrible crash, and the whole house flew up in the air in a burst of flame. The earth was torn up all around it, a piece of mud struck him or he fell from the shock, and his horses ran away.

This was his story when he was restored to reason now. A farmer living beyond the graveyard brought a wagon and battered horses the next day. He remarked that the carriage would make good kindling wood.

Of course, after the explosion an immense crowd gathered on the spot, coming in teams from the city, and here were aggrieved residents in the vicinity who had broken windows and crockery to account for. When the chief of police came the crowd respectfully waited for him to investigate. He was a paid officer, and if there were any more powder or explosives in the air it was his duty to find out. After some reasonable delay he went up to the smoking ruins nothing here—nothing to tell the story.

Then the hackman came to life.

"Where is my team?" he said.

Some one pointed to the horses with the gentleman and the woman's senseless body still in the driver's seat. The driver, in a state of stupefaction, was holding the reins in his hands.

"Back's gone for Pinkie, said a fat man on crutches. "Horses probably broke their necks."

"Where's the man and woman?" said the hackman, staggering to his feet and chopping the reins in his hands.

"Blowed up sky high," said the fat man, and how in the world did that match find a house like that?"

"He even had made the man believe some young lady was there," said the officer. "The girl's lover missing, a German name blowed clean out of my head. The senator was a friend of her family, and came here to get her. They went into the house, he told him not to come if he made a noise, and he fetched some trap. Then there come that explosion. I found you here, and me here."

"Blowed up sky high," said the chief of police. "Broke all to flinders, and the freckled bell boy, in the disappearance. He had ridden out in a hack from the hotel. He told the story of the mysterious woman's visits to the senator at the hotel, and immediately this small, freckled boy became a person of consequence, and was taken inside by groups of men and interviewed, and at each recital his story became more weird and startling, and he openly ventured toward the last on his own sage opinion of the matter and previous predictions, that son etching uncommon was up. Then a neighbor recollected that for a week past a dark woman had had boxes hauled into the house, and the general belief was the boxes contained furniture, and that she was a disreputable person, and all the ladies had resolved never to call upon her. "Having all her things boxed, indeed, and moving way out here." This from a lady with a shawl over her head, and hanging on the arm of a small man with overshoes on.

"I hauled them boxes" said a red-haired man. "Lord a marcy, if I'd knowed wot was in 'em!"

"You was purty nigh crossin' the range that time," said the fat man, who delighted in conversation, and had not had a chance for some time.

"I still distrust you," said the senator, "for I don't understand you. I will hire another carriage, send for another policeman, and then we will go."

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They passed down the marble stairs to the vestibule, and Rose went ahead. Brooks had become cautious, but all his mad love for Jean had come back. He would find her and win her this time, before the news should reach Will Curtis. The odds were against the senator, and he knew it, but there was the more keen excitement in the pursuit. He sent a bell boy, and the very same freckled one, for a carriage and a policeman, and this same bell boy went out and engaged the very policeman who had been waiting all the time, but another carriage, giving the waiting man his pay, which the lady had sent.

"They ran queer lot, them two," said the small boy to the barkman who was called but not chosen. "I've seen the gal up here afore arter him, 'n my eye but they're goin' off in a hack now! These 'ere big-bug senators is hard 'uns when they're out West, like the rest of 'em. It's the light air," finished the small boy with a hideous chuckle. "I'm onto 'em."

The senator drank a glass of brandy, and chatted a few moments with a number of his friends in the rotunda. He told them he had concluded to remain some days longer, and mentioned to the clerk that he would stay until the next night, and perhaps later. Then he went on to the carriage. He helped Rose in, and invited the policeman in also.

"We are going to find a young lady and restore her to her parents," said the senator pompously. "Miss McClure, tell the driver where to go."

"Capitol hill, old house near the cemetery," said Rose, "drive there. Stop in the road, the house is out on the plains a little way. A colonel was in on you are near it we don't want to be discovered."

"All right, mum" said the driver, whipping up his horses.

"I suspect the young woman is Miss McClure, she's an old sin," said the policeman.

"You are right, said the senator, stiffly, and sat back in gloomy silence.

They drove through the lighted street, where the tide of human life was ebbing and flowing. They passed the gay shops and noisy saloons then turning into a quieter street, went on through the residence portion of the city ascending all the time, and now passing the handsome mansions of the quarter, the beautiful homes of cattle kings, and miners who had struck it rich, and real estate brokers who went up with Denver's rise, and the palatial homes of pioneers who had crossed the plains without a collar in their pockets, or a second shirt to their backs. Past these, still higher, was here and there a house, but mostly wide stretches of barren land. They saw far ahead in the starlight, gleaming white and ghastly, the grave-stones of the old burying-ground. This was now used for paupers and suicides and friendless, unknown dead, though a few old families had handsome lots here in this motley collection of husks of humanity. A small dark object stood out in the prairie some distance from the graveyard, half a mile, perhaps, while it was three miles from town. The senator, Rose and the policeman left the carriage and walked over the plains. The night was soft, the stars bright, and far off the lights of the city down the hill seemed like a star-lit world below. Where was the senator's guardian angel now?

"I think," the policeman, in a melancholy tone, "that I'd kinder steer the young lady. Folks has a prejudice against the police, and these butters kinder acts aggravatin' on them when the innercent oughter not make no difference."

"He is right," said Rose, coldly, "you will only frighten Jean, and what possible excuse is there for you to introduce a policeman before her?"

"None" said the senator anxiously. "Wait near the door," he said in a whisper to the policeman.

They were at the house now, a little dark place built of mud and fast falling into decay. Rose listened at the door. There was no sound and no light.

"She can't have gone out," she said in a whisper. "Will, I'll try the door." It was unlocked. Rose went in. A faint glimmer of light shone through the chinks of a further door. The senator went into the house, but he stepped back a moment. He seemed strangely fascinated by the bright starlit sky he looked up, and all around the plains, and then at the dark outline of the carriage and horses, then at policeman near the door. "Guard this well," he said, in a low tone "at the least sound rush in."

No 8 promised, but wandered a little way from the door to light a match on a stone for his cigar. He always afterward blessed he match that went out and the second that would not burn.

"She is here," said Rose, eagerly. She caught the senator's arm in her excitement. He pushed forward to the door where the chink of light was. Something fell a horrible flash of light—a sound like a thousand thunder claps blended in the awful peal—a glare like all the lightnings of heaven in one dread flash—a feeling of burning deep a roaring of mighty oceans—a sudden rise of wall and roof—an earthquake—a sense of falling, falling, sinking, and term le physical tortures—and no sense of a nightmare, of a dream that led one through all the terrible fabled hell—then a glimpse of a woman's face, dark, glaring face with great luminous black eyes, and seemed to come out from a sea of blood then a woman's voice ringing through all the ruin and crashing.

"If I may not live with you I can die with you—in death we are not divided."

A sense of being clutched in a fierce passionate grasp, of more fire, more roaring, more thundering, then black night.

It took a second, the half of a second, but it meant eternity.

No sound no idea what it was. He did not know he could fall, but he recollected when the crowd brought him to consciousness, that the had been near the violet house, and now, certainly he was an eighth of a mile nearer town, and all bruised and cut.

The hackman knew more of it. He remembered that he was sitting holding his horses and looking over the plains. The gentleman and lady had just gone. He saw a flash of light come from one room, like a lamp pulled down from the bracket. He could not tell just how, for there was a flimsy curtain over the window, a half second after that there was a terrible crash, and the whole house flew up in the air in a burst of flame. The earth was torn up all around it, a piece of mud struck him or he fell from the shock, and his horses ran away.

This was his story when he was restored to reason now. A farmer living beyond the graveyard brought a wagon and battered horses the next day. He remarked that the carriage would make good kindling wood.

Of course, after the explosion an immense crowd gathered on the spot, coming in teams from the city, and here were aggrieved residents in the vicinity who had broken windows and crockery to account for. When the chief of police came the crowd respectfully waited for him to investigate. He was a paid officer, and if there were any more powder or explosives in the air it was his duty to find out. After some reasonable delay he went up to the smoking ruins nothing here—nothing to tell the story.

Then the hackman came to life.

"Where is my team?" he said.

Some one pointed to the horses with the gentleman and the woman's senseless body still in the driver's seat. The driver, in a state of stupefaction, was holding the reins in his hands.

"Back's gone for Pinkie, said a fat man on crutches. "Horses probably broke their necks."

"Where's the man and woman?" said the hackman, staggering to his feet and chopping the reins in his hands.

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valence of deformed feet, but are detri- on the general health. A high heel drives down with undue pressure, thus altering spreading the joints; short shoes pinch nst the toes produce bunions. Narrow es displace the toes, and the ankles, heat h of the foot suffer side. But this is not a shoe throws other organs out of place undue force is put upon the back in con- sequence the body, which accounts for the so prevalent with young girls. Such as the stockings confined above or below the obstruct circulation, and cold feet are plained of the year round. Every boy at the age of 10 years should receive in- ctions how to walk, and should receive a efully if their feet are in any way deformed ow to walk should be the first lesson in ng schools where the poetry of motion is ght. It also belongs to mothers, and to nse of the head and shoulders, expanding gs and keeps the back in right position, so ently the whole body is strengthened and l force active. One of the most important s to be remembered is to stand erect. The Grecian sculptures, so renowned for their fect, were due to proper proportion of the e. These were the rulings principles, on which they found no beauty. Who ever saw ture of perfect form with an ugly foot or ly-proportioned feet. Small feet as a rule ds belong only to small people. A large foot otes strength of character. A foot comfort- dressed is well dressed. A foot comfort- ls are terms constantly used by poets and elists in a most misguided manner, no doubt- nement; but the unfortunate constriction of the beauty of the foot depends upon the siness. This leads to the crippling of the g grace to the wearer of ill-fitting shoes to protecting serious results. The pain no- ficient to overrule the desire of fashion march before a delicious feast and to destroy poetry of motion amidst enchanting music has been suggested by some of the earnest kers in the temperance cause for the young es to unitedly resolve never to marry a man partakes of intoxicating drinks or uses to such a pledge might be effective if the dging day was put three years from the date ge, giving time for a permanent cure. ide it is not only a right but a duty for the man to exact cleanly habits and good breed- the man has the right, also a duty, to see life of good habits and health to be the ther of his children. I hope the coming ng men will be wise, and unite in pledges sents never to marry a woman who wears high-heeled boots. If men will wear es hearty, healthy and handsome, they ve to their rescue by inventing them that the ger the waist the better the quality of blood, es, muscles, nerves and brains; that a pair k is indeed a life preserver, and that elabo- decorations in dress are never useful and ays pretty.

The science of dressing is to have the ma- dally covered, in material which is most ective and the style least abortions. Refer beauty of fit, color and texture. Let ch our boys as well as girls that beauty s not depend upon a doll face, with small st, feet and hands. Beauty is a mental as a physical blessing. Remember that ry thought and feeling impresses itself upon e. Cheerfulness gives sparkle to the eye ps never made transverse lines on the fore- d. These are lines of despair. Irritabil- gus and gloomy thoughts draw down the ners of the mouth, and stamp the face with pleasantness. Avaricious, selfish, unforgiv- feelings, leave lines upon the face which all who look upon it. Thoughts mould the cles of the face and their expressions, as like themselves. The lines and wrinkles ich come with maturity, are like the pe- ed ripened grain; if they are the expression hope, cheerfulness and wisdom, they give rest and character to the face.

emember, we sow to youth the seed which ns in old age, and the only way to become utiful and retain our beauty is to obey the s of hygiene. LYDIA M. HUNT, M. D.

COWARDICE OF ASSASSINS.

Chicago Herald.

ne of the most valiant apostles of anarchy in America is Herr Johann Most, a refu- n Germany, who left his native land for d and his own good. He has preached erica a very bloody doctrine. Besides being er drinker of great capacity and a specu- ecimistic and anarchistic meetings of some g power, he is also the author of a fiery vo- lled, "The Science of Revolutionary War," an introductory hand-book to the proper and use of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, p on, bombs, poisons, etc. It would naturally inferred that a person whose tastes ran so channels would be a man of great cour- , the possessor of a willingness to do and for the cause to which he has so earnestly ted others to subscribe, a fellow of mettle and valor, if not of good sense and hu- ciple. All the contrary, he is destitute of se qualities.

ction, as the result of his preachments, o ion of New York began to look for his ppeared, and though efforts have been ma- ed them on many false trails, he seems n been hiding in that city all the time. B closely on the track of this ferocious lea- d human society, this bloody moralist, ggler with dynamite bombs, in New Yo ve has just smiled him from under a wa e had where he had taken refuge. A ver ute the heroes of the International social le.

he pallid countenance, quaking limbs an treating South of this cowardly wretch m ng accommodations of the gospel of mu ther which he has preached. His flight ght at the first sight of danger to the per ion of a lewd woman, in which city he has basked, was quite characte side of the degraded creatures whose mora s have terrified both hemispheres. Dogs as snakes are dangerous, valiant as the e aliant, these reptiles of society are at b ent. Herr Most's contemptible plight affo e of his capture shows him to be a mon ly to be potent for mischief in others, b dy even in himself.

THE HOTELS.

INTERNATIONAL.

Phipps, Michigan
Watson Carnes
Hall, Palouse
Peel, Butte
Smith, Minnesota
Grant A Co, Canada
Mahr, Mattoon
Green, do
Portland, do
Vincent, Junction C
Daniel, do
Baker, do
Hanlon, Corvallis
Harrington, Minn
Brink, Nebraska
Sax, San Francisco
Hall, do
Hall, do
Cook, Boston
Ely, Boston
Smith, Omaha

ST. CHARLES.

Herron, Pilot Hom
Hodges, Oregon
Hodges, Jr, do
Hodges, Salem
Edwards, Tacoma
Gwinn, Tacoma
Gibson, do
Gibson, Jr, do
Wilson, Seattle
Wilson, Jr, do
Wilson, Portland
Wilson, Jr, do
Dayton, Walla Walla
Dayton, Jr, do
Dayton, Dayton
Dayton, Jr, do
Dayton, New York
Dayton, Jr, do
Dayton, Chicago
Dayton, Jr, do
Dayton, Boston
Dayton, Jr, do
Dayton, Jackson

W H Bentley, Baker C
T Nichols, S F
J L Peckham, Carlton
T N Lakin, Milwaukie
Dick Mitchell, Gervais
E E Mills, Palouse
H Ayer & fy, Hepner
J Merriweather, Cook P
G D Wilson & fy, Pasco
Mrs Morrison, Denver
H E Burns, Indepen
J Swift & wf, Pendleton
J H Sweet & fy, Boise
Miss Morgan, Kan City
S Ferguson, Victoria
S Niles, Victoria
Miss Thompson, Dalles
E Hall, Chicago
H E Gibbons, Dalles
H F Kuhl, Canyon C
Mrs Steele, Albina
R P Habersham, Salem

PASSONS.

F E Hollingsworth, S
Mrs Hollingsworth, do
W F Scoville, Mills City
J Reeves, Pendleton
A A Wilson, Salem
A P Hanson, Seattle
J W Whitehead, Enterp
Jno Wilson, Yakima
A Stevens, Seattle
A Pretzinger, Arlington
M C Harris, do

HORTON HOUSE.

F W Stanyon, Moffatt
H D Vail, Milwaukie
Geo Lark, Milwaukie
J W Chappell, Silverton
N L Jacobsen, Dallas
J Butler, Dallas
H C Owens, Eugene
W Miller, Indiana
Cook, Chicago
Thompson, North P

GILMAN.

H B Augustine, San Fra
G Nathan, do
Dave Earl, do
Dave Earl, do
Simon Judis, do
S A Bath, Chicago
E Strauss, St Louis
Wm Marston, San Fran
A Goldsmith, S F
Dayton, do
Capt Buchanan, do

MERCHANT.

D F Durkin, Oregon City
H C Hermann, New York
E S Robertson, do
Dan Bernard, Tuscarora
H Mortimer, do

THE DIVIDED HOUSE.

BY JULIA D. WHITING,

Author of "The Story of Myra," "Brother Josephus," "A Special Providence," and other stories in the leading magazines.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

The Seluchus Hunter had arrived at his new illness, he proved himself more than ever in his life troublesome and wearing. Even a suspicion that his condition was more than his doctor or children allowed, to prove them no peace until he had extracted an admission that such was the case. Left alone with the doctor at his request, he approached him.

"I might as well told me before as left me here thinkin' and stewin' about it. I've kept a right of strength tryin' to git back from ye, and there wa'n't no need. Well—I suppose I ain't reely dyin' anow. Guess I'm a talkin', be I?"

Assured as to that point he added: "The reason I wanted to know is because I've got some concerns so as to leave 'em as well as I can, and all I want of you is that when you think I'm—wall—if you see there's going to be a change, I want you should tell me so's I can straighten things right out and git their consent to it."

Having promised, the doctor apprised him of the last moments drew near.

"Say! I wants to know! Why, I feel full as well as I did yes'dy and a leetle grain more, if anythin'."

"I hope this notice does not find you unprepared," observed the doctor.

"Well, no, I'm prepared as much as I can be as you may say. I've been a member of church in good and regular standin' this fifty-five year—and I hain't worried at my age without seeing there's somethin' in life beside sin." He paused, then added, with an air of pride: "I don't owe any man a cent, nor never cheated a man of one. Wall, I've had quite a spell to think of things in, a-layin' sick here, and I don't know that I've ever left undone anythin' of any consequence to abide by my last will and testament. I shall expect you to hold to it just the same as if it was writ out.

"Now about the farm and house. That house, as you know, stands in the middle of the farm, that is, the north side has the advantage in bein' the shadiest, for the south half, but it's near enough the centre don't count for much. Part is with sheep lauref. Well, seein' the will is just as it does, and the house is Mary's, I propose to divide it evenly, so you can have the north half and Mary the south, beginnin' right to the back door and runnin' right through the house and right along down to the river, though as you can fetch it. Do you agree to my plan?"

Armida and Lucas exchanged glances. "Do speak," said Lucas in a low tone.

"Say! you whisperin' about? Perhaps you think I can't hear because I'm dyin', but I'll have you to know my hearin' ain't affected a grain. Speak up now! What is it, Lucas?"

"We were thinkin' of Theodore," said Lucas. "You're lovin' him out, seems so."

"Taint 'cause I forgot him; but I give all I call'lated to when he quit home 'bout a year ago—money; and so I shan't have anythin'. Wouldn't do him no good, if did," he said to himself.

Well, we should feel better if you did," said Armida. "I don't want he should be left out. Neither would mother if she was here. She'd feel bad."

"I'll settle it with your ma when I see her. Come, now, what do you say?"

There was a long silence which Armida broke by saying, "S'posin' him or my son want to leave the place, I mean for good—a friend of stayin' here to home?"

"Wal," said her father with a chuckle, "either of you feels like goin' your share be either you may. I ain't goin' to have a old place for either of you to sell to each other nor nobody else. I expect you to live here."

"Well," now objected Lucas, "s'posin' one of us should git married, then how would it be?"

"Live long. Put in and work a leetle harder, may be. This farm carried a family number when I was younger. There should still too numerous you could put on either side. I guess there ain't no danger," he added.

Neither offered further objections Mr. Hunter. Do you agree to it?" He willing to each gave an audible "yes." "Say!" he said, "I hain't an earthly thing to complain of."

The latter dead, for the brothers and sister were six hours. Armida did the sewing, and made the butter, Lucas the cheese and looked after the stock, and Armida sometimes would have a difference it made. To the end the family. He observed a rift in partiality, if he split stood nothing would for Armida he claimed the lion's. If he had Armida's old house to be shed in place, Lucas wash his sheep. He accepted everything, asking no questions after the first evening, but kept an observant eye on all.

Both Lucas and Armida had loved him since their earliest recollections, and reciprocated their tenderness for him now. It was a welcome guest on either side of the kitchen, and though when he announced on an evening that he was going visiting and stepped across the line to the other side of the hall from where he had been sitting, the owner of the side so honored felt pleased by the distinction, yet Lucas on the opposite side, though no longer according to an understood law, joining in the conversation, still had the benefit of Theodore's narratives.

He was busy, too, in his way. He was indefatigable in berry-picking and nut-gathering, selling what Armida and Lucas did not wish, and showing not a little shrewdness. When he had said a little money together he bought a still and distilled essence of peppermint, wintergreen and other sweet smelling herbs and roots, and when a store maid just mantled he filled a basket and departed on a peddling expedition, returning with money in his purse and a handkerchief or ribbon for Armida. Once he brought her a scarf good which he came near ruining by weeping over it, it was such a color.

Lucas remonstrated: "I think your are foolish, Theodore. Why don't you spend your money on yourself? You'd a sight better get you a new suit."

"I'd rather see Armida crying over that stuff," said Theodore "than have a dozen new suits. Nobody knows Armida's good looking, because she's no good clothes. But she is, and when she gets that dress made up and puts on that pink ribbon I bought her last time, she'll look as pretty as a pink."

Not so green a success were the Venetian blinds that he bought, second-handed and gave to Armida to hang in the sitting room. Still, all he would do was to suggest that she get a hired man.

Accordingly Armida, in despair, hired an easy-going, good-natured creature, that offered his services. He did very well and Armida got on better—and took courage.

But there was a dreadful blow in store for her. Lucas brought a gang of carpenters to the farm, who instituted repairs on his half of the house. He even went so far as to commit the extravagance of having blinds hung for his sitting-room and front chamber windows, and his half of the front porch was trimmed with brackets, and then the whole of his half of the house painted white, so that his neighbors rallied him on being proud. "Only," as one said, "why don't you extend your improvements right along across the house, Lucas? It looks sorter queer to see one half so fine and the other so slack."

"Armida's free to do as she's a mind to," said Lucas. "If she wants to fix up her side, she can. I don't hinder her—"

"No you don't, by her neither, as I see," said the other.

"I believe in tendin' to your own affairs and not interferin' with other folks," Lucas rejoined.

Armida was made very unhappy by these changes and the comments of the neighbors, and would gladly have beautified her half also, but had no money to spend. The farm had fallen behind and she was pinched for means. She did what she could, taking more care than usual of vines and flowers, and even had an extra bed dug under her front windows, where she had many bright hued flowers, but as she rose from digging around her plants and surveyed the house—Lucas's side with the new green blinds and the clapboards shining with paint, hers with its stained, weather-beaten appearance and its staring windows—she felt ashamed and discouraged.

She feared her hired man was sick and neglected his work, yet when he threatened to go and afterward compromised the matter by offering to stay if she'd marry him, at a less wage to do, and partly because she was lonely, she married Jim. He was a respectable man, whose only taint was laziness, and she hoped that now he would take an interest. When Armida and her husband came back from the ministrie's and announced to Lucas that they were married, his only comment was, "Well, a slack help will make a shiftless husband."

Years went by and Armida's side of the house fell more and more into ruin, while Lucas, with what Armida considered cruel carefulness kept his in ever best repair and occasionally renewed the pain. The contrast was so great that passers-by stopped their horses that they might look and wonder at their leisure. Every glance was like a blow to Armida, so that she avoided her sitting room and kept herself in the uncomfortable kitchen that was divided by an imaginary line directly through the middle, a line never crossed by her brother, her husband or herself.

It would have looked absurd enough to a stranger to see this veiled room, with the brother clumsily carrying on his household affairs on the one side and the sister doing her work on the other, with often not a word exchanged between them for days together. Absurd it might be, but it was certainly wretched. An unexpressed bill quickly. Her husband was a poor office, and when arrears passed a round of friendly visiting gave him a real excuse for laziness, he did little more than sit by the fire and smoke.

As Armida sat on the bench under the old russet apple tree by the back door one day, regretting her evil fate, she heard footsteps approaching, and, rushing back her old sunbonnet, looked up to see a shabby, shambling, oddly ann coming around the side of the house and gazing at the windows.

"What you doin' there?" said Armida sharply.

The man turned, surveyed her with a smile, then said, with a drawl she remembered: "I hain't been gone so long but that I know you, Armida. Don't you remember me?"

"Theodore Haxter! Is that you? Well,"—and she hurried up to him and shook hands violently.

"I heard only last week that father was dead," he explained. "I see a man from this way and he said he was gone. How long since?"

"More than ten years ago."

"Well, I thought I'd come and see ye."

"I'm glad you did," she said. "But come right in;" and she led the way into the kitchen."

He leaned up against the door and surveyed the room. "I should 'a s'posed I'd have remembered this room, but what ye done to it? What hev you got two stoves and two tables and all that for, Armidy?"

Armida told him all, winding up her story with a few tears.

"That accounts for the looks of the outside, I s'pose," was his only comment. "I thought it was about the queerest I ever see. It's ridiculous! Why haven't you and Lucas straightened out affairs before this?"

"I can't, and he can't, I s'pose," said she hopelessly; "and everything makes it worse I wouldn't care so much if he hadn't fixed up the outside the way he did."

"Oh, well now, don't you fret. If I've money—but then I haven't."

"How have you lived since you left home?" Armida inquired.

"Why, I've had a still and made essence and peddled it out, but I sold the still to git money to come here, and it took all I had."

"Well now, Theodore, I wish you'd stay here now you've got, room again," said Armida with great earnestness. "I've worried about you a sight. I'll be glad to have you, and Lucas would, I know."

To spare a possible grief for Theodore she ran out as she saw Lucas coming to his house to get his supper, all apprised him of his brother's arrival, glad to find he shared her pleasure in it. As Lucas entered the room he shook hands with Theodore, saying, "How are ye?" to which Theodore responded with "How are you, Lucas?"

Theodore was a net gain of pleasure to the family. He observed a rift in partiality, if he split stood nothing would for Armida he claimed the lion's. If he had Armida's old house to be shed in place, Lucas wash his sheep. He accepted everything, asking no questions after the first evening, but kept an observant eye on all.

Both Lucas and Armida had loved him since their earliest recollections, and reciprocated their tenderness for him now. It was a welcome guest on either side of the kitchen, and though when he announced on an evening that he was going visiting and stepped across the line to the other side of the hall from where he had been sitting, the owner of the side so honored felt pleased by the distinction, yet Lucas on the opposite side, though no longer according to an understood law, joining in the conversation, still had the benefit of Theodore's narratives.

He was busy, too, in his way. He was indefatigable in berry-picking and nut-gathering, selling what Armida and Lucas did not wish, and showing not a little shrewdness. When he had said a little money together he bought a still and distilled essence of peppermint, wintergreen and other sweet smelling herbs and roots, and when a store maid just mantled he filled a basket and departed on a peddling expedition, returning with money in his purse and a handkerchief or ribbon for Armida. Once he brought her a scarf good which he came near ruining by weeping over it, it was such a color.

Lucas remonstrated: "I think your are foolish, Theodore. Why don't you spend your money on yourself? You'd a sight better get you a new suit."

"I'd rather see Armida crying over that stuff," said Theodore "than have a dozen new suits. Nobody knows Armida's good looking, because she's no good clothes. But she is, and when she gets that dress made up and puts on that pink ribbon I bought her last time, she'll look as pretty as a pink."

Not so green a success were the Venetian blinds that he bought, second-handed and gave to Armida to hang in the sitting room. They proved to be in sorry condition and Theodore was much mortified. Being a handy creature, he managed to patch them up so that though they could not be rolled up, they looked very well from the outside, and as he philosophically remarked:

"What more do you want, Armidy? A room you never set in, you don't want any light in."

There was one thing that Theodore would not do. He would not, as he said, fellowship with Jerry, Armida's husband. "Tell you, Arm dy," he would say, "I can't put up with a man like him."

"Some folks call you shiftless Theodore," Armida retorted with bitterness.

"Well, I am," he allowed; "but the difference is I'm lazy but work, my fashion, but he's lazy and don't work at all."

Though he disdained Jerry, he would rather do his tasks than see Armida's interests suffer, and when he was not occupied with his still or peddling, he busied himself on her side of the farm. Lucas would at any time give him a helping hand rather than see Theodore hurt himself, and so Armida's fences were mended and sundry repairs on her barns and out-houses made. Lucas was still as stiff as ever, and the help given was always to oblige Theodore, who laughed to himself but said nothing.

He once attempted to wheedle Lucas into painting at least all of the front of the house but Lucas was not to be moved. Disappointed in that Theodore brought home a pot of yellow paint when returning from his next expedition and painted his sister's half of the kitchen floor, in spite of her remonstrating that Lucas wouldn't like it, though she acknowledged it looked pretty and of Lucas' vexation at finding the room ridiculous.

"No more ridiculous than it was before," Theodore assured him; "it couldn't be. Besides," he added, as an after thought, "I'll bring it plumb up to the middle and neither of you will be trespassin' on the other's side. I noticed one of your chairs was a leg le gain onto Armida's side the other night, and that ain't right."

In the middle of an afternoon as Lucas was plowing out his corn, he heard a shuffle to which, when it had been two or three times repeated, he replied, though without looking around. Presently he heard some one coming, in a sort of sparling run and breathing heavily, and looked over his shoulder to see Theodore, who dropping into a walk as he spied him, as I grasped: "Lucas! Say! Stop! look here."

"Well?" said Lucas, and pulled up his horse.

"I'm too old to run like this, that's a fact," said Theodore, mopping his face and leaning up against the plow. "There's a quarter piece of work for you to do, Lucas. Armidy's house is up on the road, right in front of it on that second dip, and I guess Jerry it items d'ed, and we must fetch 'em up just as fast as we can."

Lucas made no comment, but mechanically unharnessed the horse and turned toward the house, his brother stumbling behind, quite exhausted by the hurry and fatigue of the long run.

As they went Lucas said: "How did you come to know of it?"

"Well, it was curious," said Theodore. "You know I started Sam this morning, bringing in a fair jag of wood for Armidy, and long in went the traces to fix the off waggin. Well all I know about it is we got here, I guess. I see from the looks they must 'a' rode hard to get to the village with some eggs and corn, cause you can see in the road where they smashed when the hawse threw a canter. Jerry didn't know no more than to hitch up into the leggy with the shaft all the traces, and you know how she is on a hawse. Well the curious thing is, first I was out in the pasture lookin' some hawses to ride, let me hitch up this side, while you see to the others—and I heard somethin' somethin' slam bang, and I hollers up—I wa'n't sure enough so as to see what I was 'bout anythin'—and I looked up and see the runnin' like hady, down one of the hosses. 'Lucas I, well, there's a hitch-up that's goin' to flinder'—and just then the forward wheel struck a big stone and I see the woman and man and all fly into the air and come down again and the hoss went."

"Where's the horse now?" said Lucas.

"I don't know and I don't care. Tell you best put a feather-bed in the bottom of the waggin, because her arm's broke for certain, and I don't know what else. I'll fetch it—if you've got some spirits."

"Yes," said Lucas, "I'll fetch some," and both hurried in to the house and soon came out again and hastened off.

"How did you know who 'twas?" Lucas inquired, with a shade curiosity lifting the occasion.

"Why, I didn't, but I knew when they didn't offer to git up, whoever 'twas wanted help, and I put across the lot to 'em, and sure enough 'twas Armidy and Jerry. I looked her over and see by the way she lay that one of her arms was broke anyway, and stepped over to where Jerry was, and see he was as dead as Moses! Head struck right on a big stone and broke as neat as his head rung down like that," cutting his hand flat limply from the wrist.

"Does she know?" said Lucas.

"No, and I hope she won't for a spell. She hadn't come to when I left her."

Lucas struck the horse with the end of the reins to urge him on.

"Here, now you jam see 'em," said Theodore, rising in his seat and pointing down the road. Lucas followed his example, and looking as far as them they could see both high-road and wide lying motionless in the dust.

Between them they soon lifted poor Armida into the waggon and laid her on the bed as tenderly as a nurse, directing a great deal by the operation.

"Just a little more," said Lucas, bringing in a load of bedding from out an old pallet. "I guess I think of it best not. She won't sense it so much if she don't realize."

At that reanimation of Jerry was tossed. The brothers exchanged glances and shook their heads. "And to think," said Theodore, "as I was only related to Armidy by marriage, and you was her own brother, and he's the one that's dead and you're left. Well, I'm sorry for you, Lucas, and I'll do all I can to help you."

"Well, then," said Lucas, holding out his hand, "you've got to do it to get over the house," said Lucas.

Armida, having been made as comfortable as the circumstance would allow, and Jerry having been brought up and consigned to the best chamber, as both had first stated, and medicine, the doctor and Aunt Polly Slater. The doctor found Armida in a sad case. "Though I don't think," he assured the neighbors, "of she isn't worried she will, be hard dead. She's naturally rugged, and it's merely a simple fracture of the forearm. The principal trouble will be the most tedious thing, but must charge you to keep her in ignorance of her husband's death."

Theodore spelt at Aunt Polly in caring for Armida, and never was woman more tenderly cared for. Many were the lies he was forced to tell as Armida was first surprised, then indignant, at Jerry's apparent neglect.

"Even Lucas, as come to the door just looked at me," she complained, "and Jerry, sin' so much as been near me."

Theodore was fain to concoct a story about a strained back that would not allow Jerry to rise from the bed. When it was deemed prudent to tell her, the task fell to Theodore, who was very tender of his sister's remembering that though he considered Jerry a shiftless provider and a creature, Armida probably had an affection for him. She took her loss very quietly.

"He was always good to me," she said, "and he cared for me when no one else did.

"You're wrong there," Theodore remonstrated.

"I used to tell myself I was," she replied sadly. "I knew I give the first offence, but Lucas never would 'a' done as he did by the Loose if he'd cared for me."

Lucas heard the reproach where he stood out of sight in the little entry that led to Armida's room listening to the brother and sister as they talked together within. He often lingered there, wishing to enter, but not daring to; longing to atone for the unhappiness he had caused his sister, but not knowing how to set about it. His was one of those dumb natures which have no language, and it was an impossibility that he should frankly own his fault and ask forgiveness, but he could act, and Armida's complaint, overheard by him, showed him what to do.

Taking Theodore into his confidence, he set to work to obliterate all outward signs that made it "the divided house," leaving to his brother the task of keeping it from Armida. As she querulously inquired what all the hammering and pounding that was going on in front of the house meant, Theodore had artfully ready about the steps to the front porch being so worn that Lucas had to have some new ones or else break his legs going over them. The smell of paint was accounted for by Lucas having one of his spells of getting at his side-painted over again, on which Armida gave way to tears until her brother comforted her by saying it didn't make any difference, a new coat couldn't make it any whiter than it was.

When both sides of the front porch were alike, and the whole house shone with white paint, and there were as many blinds on one side of the house as the other, Lucas turned his attention to the debatable ground, the kitchen.

It was a great day when Armida was pronounced well enough to eat breakfast in the kitchen. Hobbling out with the aid of Theodore's arm she stepped on the threshold and looked over to where Lucas stood by his window. He greeted her with, "How are you, Arm da?" but did not leave his place.

Armida looked about her. "It seems good to git out of my bedroom," she began—the she stopped, gazed about her, and sank into a convenient chair, exclaiming, "What does it mean?"

For both hers and Lucas' old stoves were gone and a new one stood directly before the middle of the chimney, with its pipe running into the old pipe hole that they used before the house was divided. The coffee pot steamed and bubbled over the fire, and a platter of ham and eggs stood on the hearth, while the table set for breakfast was placed exactly in the center of the room, whose dividing line and hard wiped out by the paint brush that had made Lucas' side shine with yellow paint like her own.

"What does it mean?" she cried, trembling and clutching at Theodore's arm. Theodore said nothing, but slipped out of the room, and Lucas, after an awkward pause, said: "Armidy, I wanted, if you was willin', that we should quit doing as we have done and have things together as we used to. See is as if it would be pleasanter, and if you can forgive what I've done I'll try to make it up to ye."

"Why, Lucas! Why, Lucas!" was all she could gasp.

"I know 'might 'a' been by ye like a brother," said Lucas, anxious to get his self-imposed humiliation over, "and I'm sorry, and I'd like to begin over again."

"I'm just as much a transgressor as you be," said Armida, anxious to spare him. "If I be I'm sure what I did I spose you'd married for the best like as not had a family and so."

"I don't know as I was one," said Lucas. "I have got more to ye, Armida, but I see by the last Mercury—the daughter "said I didn't concern me—I think that line name wasn't Foster. But that's neither here nor there. I can tell ye I'm sorry I ever did go along with you and Jerry after as hard as I could after as hard as I could after as hard as I could

FISHERIES DISPUTE

Secretary Bayard says the Government will Protect Fishermen.

BLAINE'S OPINION CLEARLY STATED

A Statement from Ottawa that Buying Bait Cannot be Considered an Offense Under the Existing Laws

NEW YORK, May 22.—The *Post* has the following Washington special The state department is actively engaged in negotiations designed to protect the interests of American fishermen There has as yet been no official declaration of its position, and for manifest reasons. While the negotiations are in the present stage the administration can not properly make public the correspondence which it has had with the British minister here and with our minister to England, but an unofficial rumor from Secretary Bayard, which follows, will show that he has the interest of the fishermen at heart. Senator Frye, of Maine, recently addressed to the secretary of state the following letter

WASHINGTON May 20

Hon Thomas F Bayard Secretary of State—*Dear Sir*—I respectfully submit to your consideration the enclosed telegram received this morning from the president of the American fishery union I assume that the state department is giving this matter such consideration as its importance demand The urgency of immediate action for the protection and relief of those American citizens can not be over estimated I regard the conduct of the Canadian government as entirely unjustifiable and without the authority of treaty of law or of good neighborhood I am very respectfully

W P FRYE

Enclosed was the telegram already printed in these dispatches

BAYARD'S REPLY

To this letter Secretary Bayard has sent the following reply

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON May 2

Hon Wm P Frye U S senate—*My dear Sir*—Before your note of to-day was received a telegram of similar purport in relation to the refusal to allow the American schooner Jennie and Julia to purchase herring or smoking at Digby had been received Steps have been taken by telegraph to secure all the facts, and instant representations have been made to the British minister here. The action complained of is clearly a gross breach of the common rights of the citizens of the United States The late removal of the bonding privilege at Detroit, which occasioned such